

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

JULY 31, 1964

TIME

HARLEM

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

NEW PRO
BAPTIST

**VOTE FOR
MISS
BEAUX ARTS
1964**

**WHEREVER SCHAEFER
BEER IS SOLD**

**MUSEHOLL
KILLS ROACHES FA
KILLS ALL CRAWLI**

**MUHAMMAD
IS COMING TO
HARLEM**

HORAN

VOL. 84 NO. 5

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

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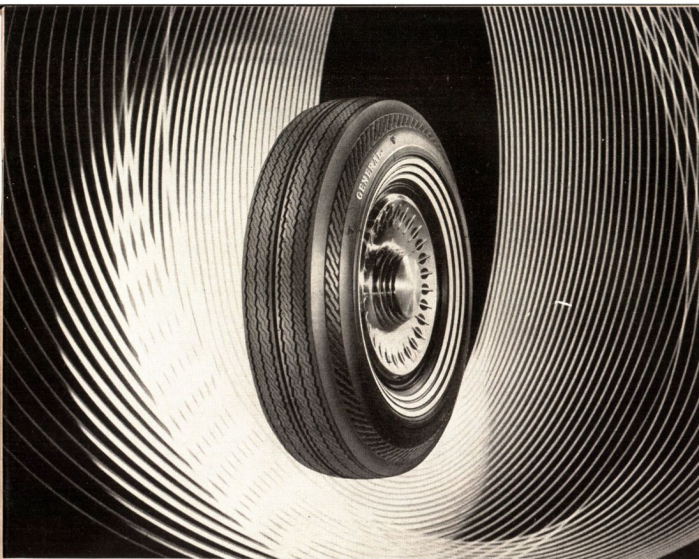


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THE SIGN OF TOMORROW...TODAY

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, July 29

ON BROADWAY TONIGHT (CBS, 10-11 p.m.).* Robert Goulet is the pro among tonight's new talent.

Thursday, July 30

CHOOSING A CANDIDATE (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). How the Republicans selected their presidential and vice-presidential candidates, and an advance look at what the Democrats may do.

A WORLD'S FAIR DIARY (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). NBC Correspondent Edwin Newman's personal view of the fair. Color.

Friday, July 31

THE BOB HOPE THEATER (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Dana Wynter, Mel Ferrer and Leo Genn star in an espionage tale of a Soviet agent's theft of British defense secrets and attempted defection to Russia. Color. Repeat.

ON PARADE (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Composer Henry Mancini and his music.

Saturday, August 1

SUMMER PLAYHOUSE (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). Comedy about a newly married couple's attempts to set up house while continuing college. Patricia Blair and Jim Hutton are the newbies.

MISS UNIVERSE BEAUTY PAGEANT (CBS, 10-11:30 p.m.). Shapely delegates from the world over display their charms and talents. Arlene Francis, John Daly and Jack Linkletter host the competition, broadcast live from Miami Beach.

Sunday, August 2

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). The story of how the U.S. helped rehabilitate both its enemies and allies after each world war and fed the Russians during the 1921 famine. Participants include Admiral Lewis L. Strauss, secretary to then U.S. Food Administrator Herbert Hoover after World War I, and General Lucius Clay, military governor of the U.S. zone in Germany after World War II.

RECORDS

Virtuosos

STRAVINSKY: VIOLIN CONCERTO IN D MAJOR (Philips). A rare and rewarding encounter between the neoclassicist Stravinsky and the romantic David Oistrakh. Oistrakh gaily sets off short rhythmic explosions in the *Toccata* and *Capriccio* and then lets the melodies pour out in the two calm stretches called arias. Conductor Bernard Haitink and the Lamoureux Orchestra are also attuned to every instantaneous change in the musical weather.

BACH: THE WELL-TEMPERED CLAVIER, PART 1 (2 LPs; Archiv). "Clavier" means keyboard, and no one knows whether these preludes and fugues were written for harpsichord, organ or clavichord. Ralph Kirkpatrick is recording them on the clavichord, preferring its subtlety. Infinitely varied within their small compass, like snowflakes, the pieces have a severe fascination when played on the soft, monochromatic instrument. The late Wanda Landowska chose the harpsichord as her clavier, and her performances (RCA Vic-

tor) will be preferred by listeners who demand greater contrast and majesty.

ERNEST BLOCH: CONCERTO FOR VIOLIN AND ORCHESTRA (Angel). Bloch was noted for his Jewish music, but in this work he denied having any Hebrew inspiration or as the "American Indian." The overtones are oriental nevertheless, and the coloring exotic. Yehudi Menuhin, who first played for Bloch when he was six, lends to the work of his late friend a special intensity, as though he were celebrating a mystery.

MOZART: CONCERTO NO. 17 (RCA Victor). Artur Schnabel has made long series of Beethoven, Brahms and Chopin recordings, but only in his mid-70s is he turning to Mozart, who did not live long enough to grow old. The best modern Mozart interpretation demands more crispness, but Rubinstein's performance has its own serene and sunny logic. He is accompanied by Alfred Wallenstein and the RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF THE ORGAN (2 LPs; Columbia). E. Power Biggs goes on a busman's holiday in Germany and Holland, playing with artistry the twelve surviving baroque organs of Master Builder Arp Schnitger (1648-1719). The tones of Schnitger's organs are exceptionally bright and buoyant, wrong for the romantics but wonderful for the music Biggs plays: Bach (including the *Dorian Toccata* and *Fugue in D Minor*) and chorale preludes by the modern Berlin composer Ernst Pepping.

DOMENICO SCARLATTI: SONATAS FOR HARPISICHORD, VOL. VIII (Westminster). Musicians call Scarlatti's music "naked" because the performer is so exposed. Fernando Valenti need fear no such exposure, and has recorded more than 400 of Scarlatti's short sonatas. Scarlatti started to write them when he was 53; all but one of these twelve were written in his late 60s, when his earlier keyboard virtuosity made way for more provocative harmonies and modulations. Valenti's interpretation is vigorous, with a flamenco flair now and then, well-suited to Scarlatti's Spanish side.

MUSIC FOR GLASS HARMONICA (Vox). "Glass music" was long in vogue; Gluck performed a "concerto upon 26 drinking glasses, tuned with spring water"; Benjamin Franklin devised a popular "armonica," played by rubbing the edges of glass bowls. Bruno Hoffman has created his own 20th century instrument of tuned glasses to revive the literature and plays here works by Mozart and his contemporaries, setting the distant ethereal sounds adrift above flutes and violins.

CINEMA

ISLAND OF THE BLUE DOLPHINS. An Indian girl (Celia Kaye) and her dog cheerfully share an island exile in a children's adventure film rich with charm, intelligence and taste.

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA. Under John Huston's shrewd direction, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr and Richard Burton unpack their troubles at a seedy Mexican hotel in a drama that stirs the senses, persuades the mind, and sometimes touches the heart.

A SHOT IN THE DARK. Peter Sellers, as Inspector Clouseau of the Surete, rarely gets his man but continually gets laughs

while pursuing a seductive murder suspect (Elke Sommer) from corpse to corpse.

SEDUCED AND ABANDONED. A young girl stumbles from the path of virtue into a nightmare of brutal Sicilian social codes in Director Pietro Germi's savage tragic-comedy, which makes his wildly wicked *Divorce—Italian Style* seem an exercise in restraint.

ZULU. A band of British redcoats faces 4,000 proud Zulu warriors in a bloody battle film in the grand carry-on-lads tradition of *Four Feathers* and *Gunga Din*.

THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN. This massive song-and-dancer based on the Broadway musical owes nearly all its buoyancy to a raucous, free-style performance by Debbie Reynolds as the rich mountain girl who yearns to make a splash in Denver society.

MAFIOSO. Sicily again, with Alberto Sordi caught in the insidious toils of the Mafia while Director Alberto Lattuada serves up some small but gloriously garlicky slices of provincial life.

THAT MAN FROM RIO. French Director Philippe de Broca's wacky parody of Hollywood adventure movies propels Jean-Paul Belmondo through a series of wonderfully absurd dangers, smack into the arms of a drugged damsel in distress.

NOTHING BUT THE BEST. In this stylish British comedy, a lowly clerk, Alan Bates, rises in the Establishment by coolly perfecting a program of lies, theft, courtship and homicide.

THE ORGANIZER. Marcello Mastroianni is superb as a scraggly revolutionary in Director Mario Monicelli's vivid, warmly human drama about a 19th century textile strike in Turin.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW. The ubiquitous Mastroianni, evenly matched against one of Italy's great natural wonders, Sophia Loren, in three racy modern fables directed by Vittorio De Sica.

THE SERVANT. Promoting country matters in a smart London town house, Dirk Bogarde gives a highly polished performance as a vicious "gentleman's gentleman" who corrupts his master.

BOOKS

Best Reading

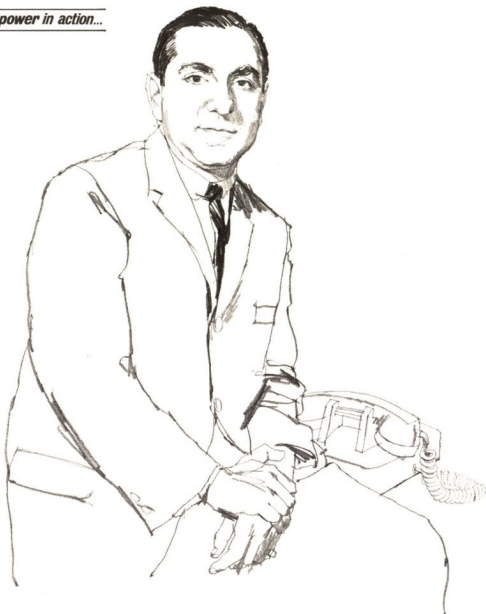
SOMETIMES A GREAT NOTION, by Ken Kesey. The author's first novel, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, took place in an insane asylum and proposed the paradox that the only thing more intolerable to a lesser man than the success of a good man is his defeat. This second novel, which repeats the theme in a larger setting and at longer length, is less effective for the added dimensions, yet is exuberant and brawling as the Pacific Northwest lumbering country it describes.

THE RECTOR OF JUSTIN, by Louis Auchincloss. A writer of urbane bestselling novels about Manhattan society focuses down on a single individual to produce his best work to date, an analysis of a legendary and absolute ruler of an exclusive New England boys' school.

TWO NIGHTS, by Brigid Brophy. In these two lightly plotted and wickedly brilliant novellas about a New Year's Eve amorous adventure, and the about-face of a lesbian schoolmistress, Novelist Brophy displays the elegant artifices and tricks of style of a latter-day Ronald Firbank.

TODA RABA, by Nikos Kazantzakis. In this novelistic account of early Communist Russia, the great Greek poet and

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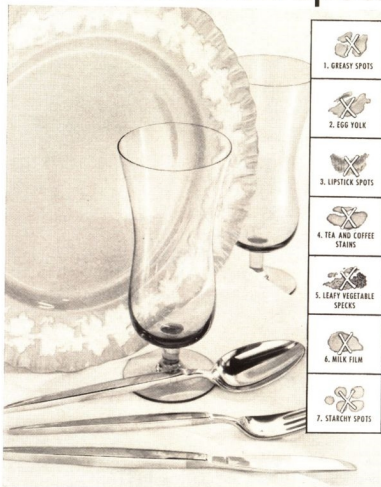
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novelist celebrated the passionate intensity of the Bolsheviks but also underscored the cruelties of the regime. He scorned the intellectuals who expected to find gracious living in Russia and described in abundant detail the exploitation, the starvation, the executions.

THE FAR FIELD, by Theodore Roethke. These poems, written in the last seven years before his death in 1963 of a heart attack, are beautiful in themselves and provide for him an astonishingly true memorial. All the themes of which he was a master reappear—the greenhouse, the root, the plant, and a troubled reaching toward God.

JULIAN, by Gore Vidal. A voluminous, fascinating historical novel, well researched, yet remaining oddly dispassionate and at one remove from the vibrant and youthful Roman emperor whose turbulent 18-month reign marked the last conflict in the Western world between pagan Hellenism and early Christianity.

A MOVEABLE FEAST, by Ernest Hemingway. Funny, if often unkind reminiscences of the literati (Gertrude Stein, Ford Madox Ford, Scott Fitzgerald) who befriended the young unknown writer in his Paris springtime before *The Sun Also Rises* thrust him into their own outer-world of fame.

THE INCONGRUOUS SPY, by John Le Carré. Two early detective novels reissued. *A Murder of Quality* is a sound puzzle about the murder of a science teacher's wife at an English public school. *Call for the Dead* is a more conventional thriller, concerning a chain of deaths linked to an East German spy ring, interesting as a rough draft for the literate and expert *Spy Who Came In from the Cold*.

TO AN EARLY GRAVE, by Wallace Markfield. On a kind of comic Volkswagen odyssey through Brooklyn, four Greenwich Village intellectuals search for the funeral of a compatriot and discover themselves: pathetic, rather pretentious fellows who at heart prefer the cult of Humphrey Bogart to the cult of the *Puritan Review*.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*, Le Carré (1 last week)
2. *Convention*, Knebel and Bailey (2)
3. *Armageddon*, Uris (3)
4. *Julian*, Vidal (4)
5. *Condy*, Southern and Hoffenberg (5)
6. *The Spire*, Golding (6)
7. *The Night in Lisbon*, Remarque (8)
8. *The Group*, McCarthy (7)
9. *Von Ryan's Express*, Westheimer
10. *The 480*, Burdick (9)

NONFICTION

1. *The Invisible Government*, Wise and Ross (2)
2. *A Moveable Feast*, Hemingway (2)
3. *Four Days*, U.P.I. and American Heritage (4)
4. *A Tribute to John F. Kennedy*, Salinger and Vanocur (6)
5. *Diplomat Among Warriors*, Murphy
6. *Harlow*, Schulman (5)
7. *Mississippi: The Closed Society*, Silver (10)
8. *Crisis in Black and White*, Silberman (7)
9. *A Day in the Life of President Kennedy*, Bishop (8)
10. *Profiles in Courage*, Kennedy (3)



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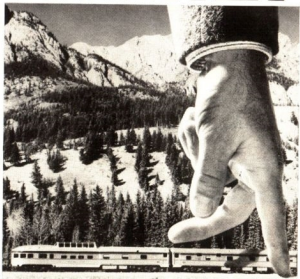
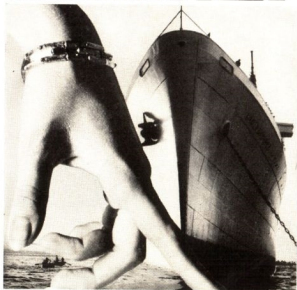
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Ormandy, Phila. Orch.
Wagner: Siegfried Idyll.
Walter, Columbia Sym.
R. Strauss: Also Sprach Zarathustra. Ormandy, Philadelphia Orchestra
None But The Lonely Heart. Isaac Stern

Prokofiev: Symphony No. 5.
Ormandy, Phila. Orch.
Schumann: "Spring" Symphony No. 1, Bernstein, New York Philharmonic
Poulenc: Concerts for Organ, Strings, Tympani.
E. Power Biggs; Ormandy, Philadelphia Orchestra
Bach for Harpsichord. Fernando Valenti
Stravinsky: Oedipus Rex. Stravinsky conducting
Debussy: General Lavigne. Eccentric. V. Horowitz
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THE NEW YORK FAIR

It is well to remember that Flushing Meadow is filled with hundreds of pavilions, rides, restaurants and hawkers, and every one of them is competing for the fairgoer's attention, time and dollar. The one good way to get the most for all three is to have a plan. A few pointers: not all of the best shows are at the end of the longest lines (it can justifiably be assumed that the line will be half as long inside as out); most pavilions are free, but those that charge usually are less than \$1; the restaurants are generally expensive.

PAVILIONS

JOHNSON'S WAX. In the copper-colored clam suspended over a reflecting pool is a short film of surpassing excellence. *To Be Alive!* sets off on a breathless safari to explore the joys of human experience. The triple-screen montage compiled by Alexander Hammid and Francis Thompson is fast and fresh.

SPAIN'S pavilion is a gentle interlacing of courtyards and corridors filled with surprises. The attractions include prized paintings of old and modern masters (most spectacularly, Goya's *Majas*), an impressive showing of young avant-garde artists, a display of Dali's jeweled doodads, bullfight movies, and folk dancers.

MONTANA. Cowgirls and cowpokes go drawing and poking around the lodgepole corral. There is a museum with memorabilia of the Old West and a rootin'-tootin' nickel arcade complete with player pianos, games and peep shows.

INDIA. Water cascades down the exterior of the glass pavilion, a quote from Gandhi is carved in pink marble, and sari-clad girls welcome the visitor to view such Indian art objects as the palace doors of Rajasthan, Hindu temple hangings, Buddha sculptures and miniature paintings.

PROTESTANT AND ORTHODOX CENTER. A small circus troupe travels along a country road and a clown, white from head to foot, brings up the rear riding on a donkey. *Parable* is a wordless but colorful film that lets the viewer draw his own parallels as it follows the clown about his good-will way, winning friends and earning enemies, until finally he is symbolically crucified.

IBM entertains you while you wait on the spiraled ramps—no other exhibit can make this claim. Once in, the People Wall whisks you up into the giant egg where the Information Machine reveals that you too can be a computer, of sorts.

TRAVELERS INSURANCE. Under the red-umbrella roof is a walk-through exhibit that portrays the history of man with arrested-action scenes showing cavemen painting on walls, Roman gladiators in bitter battle, the bubonic plague decimating a medieval city.

BELL SYSTEM. Inside the building, plopped beside the Fountain of the Planets like an upside-down flatiron, a soothing voice says "Fasten your seat belts and adjust your earphones." The floor seems to churn, the roof to fall as the chair-ride jogs along into a spooky tunnel where the spectator sees a 3-D drama on communications. The exhibits include picturephones on which you see whomever you talk to.

GENERAL ELECTRIC'S Carousel of Progress looks in on an old-fashioned kitchen. Mom is working hard while Dad modestly

brags about the wonders of the age: a hand pump in the kitchen that squirts rusty water, an icebox and a coal-burning stove. Times change though; pretty soon it's Mom doing the bragging, and Dad can hardly get a word in. Besides the Disney dummies, G.E. has nuclear fusion.

JAPAN juxtaposes its ancient arts with its modern technological achievements: the delicacy of flower arranging and a model of the world's fastest train, woodblock printing and powerful microscopes. Dominating the three-building complex is Masayuki Nagare's thunderous stone wall, carved out of lava rock.

CENTRAL AMERICA AND PANAMA. Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Panama bring together in one pavilion a handsome display of their contemporary artists as well as the colorful folk art of their cultures. For 25¢, fairgoers can sip Central American coffee and listen to a Latin rhythm combo in an open-air patio.

NEW YORK CITY. Sitting in a make-believe helicopter, New Yorkers will need binoculars to pick out their house, but it can be done. Thirty experts spent two years and \$600,000 to make the model containing virtually every building in the Big Town.

FORD. Mustangs, Mercurys, Falcons, Comets, Thunderbirds and Lincoln Continentals carry the crowds into "the world that was" where dinosaurs chomp seaweed and volcanoes spew red-hot lava. Man comes along, finally, and creates the wheel.

GENERAL MOTORS' Futurama ride glides past fantastic machines that fell, slice and eat trees, and extrude four-lane highways, cities that spring from the bush, hotels that float under water.

TRANSPORTATION AND TRAVEL. The T & T building generally has the bads, but "The World of Ancient Gold"—500 gleaming hand-wrought pieces from pre-Columbian cultures—dangles and dazzles in windows as splendid as Tiffany's.

ENTERTAINMENT

FIREWORKS. The Fountain of the Planets is a sight to see on any balmy evening from 9 to 9:20. It rises in sprays of myriad colors while fireworks explode in the night sky, then fall in spangled cascades back into the flood waters.

SIERRA LEONE puts on a stand-up show that costs \$1 and makes a fair bid for first prize as the best entertainment buy in Moses' Gardens. The 40-member dance troupe in gay-colored costumes of 13 tribes is highlighted by bushy he and she devils, but the show is stolen by little Messi Tommy, who goes into a victory dance with all the furious vitality of her four years.

TEA CEREMONY. The ancient Japanese ritual of *cha-no-yu* takes place in a little teahouse beside a stony brook rimmed with flowers. Guests learn how to kneel, bow, and savor the subtleties of the venerable ceremony while munching sweet cake and sipping bitter green tea.

FLAMENCO. Spain raided Madrid's famed Zambra Flamenco Stage, brought its dancers and guitarists to the fair. In the Spanish pavilion's plush Teatro Español, the slim *señores* and saucy *señoritas* put on a flashy show of fast and fancy footwork to the rhythm of guitars, castanets and intricate handclapping.

CHILDREN & TEEN-AGERS

PEPSI-COLA. The boat ride winds through the canals of Walt Disney's doll land, past a tipsy Tower of Pisa, the Taj Mahal and Swiss Alps, while his prodigious puppets—leprechauns, sheiks, Cossacks, can-can dancers and Dutch boys and girls—sing and sway to beat the band.

HALL OF SCIENCE. Atomsville, U.S.A., is strictly for the small fry. So that parents will strike the hint, the entrance is only five feet high. The little visitors can prospect for uranium on a world map, produce electricity by riding bicycles, shoot "neutrons" at "uranium atoms" on a pinball machine, and measure their weight in atoms. They seem to have plenty of fun, whether or not they learn very much about atoms.

AVIS. The kids (and oldesters too) guide custom-made "classics" around curves, up hill and down dale. The old gasoline put-puts are lots of fun, seem to bring back memories to nostalgic onlookers.

GENERAL CIGAR. A short, stand-up show best seen with the kids down front. A black-tied magician cuts girls in half and puts them back together again, levitates them until they disappear into thin air, then makes them pop out of empty boxes.

RESTAURANTS

TOLEDO. The Spanish pavilion has three restaurants. The first-class Toledo serves fine French food in an elegant décor, and the service is superb. \$5-\$25. The Granada features an all-Spanish menu with cold *gazpacho* soup, paella and *sangria* (red wine with soda) at slightly lower prices. La Marisqueria, a typical Spanish seafood bar, makes an excellent place for lunch: a baby paella can be had for \$1.50.

DENMARK. The Danish modern pavilion of glass and latticed woods has a fine restaurant that serves the traditional grand cold table heaped with herring, salmon and other goodies for \$6.

SWEDEN also has an excellent smorgasbord for the same price, but here you serve yourself.

FESTIVAL OF GAS. Its blue and green color scheme is one of the coolest sights in the industrial area. From the glass-walled room, the diner can look out over a flower-sprinkled moat while enjoying such entrees as compeste of squab, tenderloin flared in bourbon or baked country ham. \$6-\$12.

FOCOLARE. The Mexican pavilion has one of the handsomest dining rooms at the fair. It serves good Mexican food (chicken, tacos and enchiladas) while mariachi serenades. \$4-\$15.

THE MILLSTONE in the New England pavilion has down-East specialties like johnnycakes with hot maple syrup, clam chowder, giant breaded lobster and Indian pudding. \$5-\$9.

HOUSE OF JAPAN. Fairgoers can dine in traditional Japanese fashion—shoeless, seated on *tatami* mats—or at regular tables and chairs. The food, in any case, is tempura and *sukiyaki*, cooked on the table. A stage show stars some of Japan's best dancers. In the colorful costumes of samurai, geisha and fishermen, they are adept at everything from kabuki to the twist. \$5.45-\$6.50.

MARYLAND'S restaurant overlooks a fisherman's wharf, features terrapin, shad roe, and Southern-style fried chicken. \$3-\$10.

* Dinner prices per person.

"Three generations of yachtsmen" (Photo by Inge Morath / Magnum)



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We are, here at Bankers Trust Company. Our Personal Trust Department keeps in constant touch with all changing developments in the complex area of estate taxes. When you name us Executor under your will, we work closely with your attorney on this and all other important aspects of estate planning and administration. Your estate receives the benefit of current knowledge and years of experience.

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A black and white photograph showing a hand holding a pair of compasses. The compasses are positioned over a detailed map, with the two points of the compass touching the map's surface. The map shows various geographical features, including rivers, roads, and place names. The hand is dark and silhouetted against the lighter background of the map.

ANALYSIS

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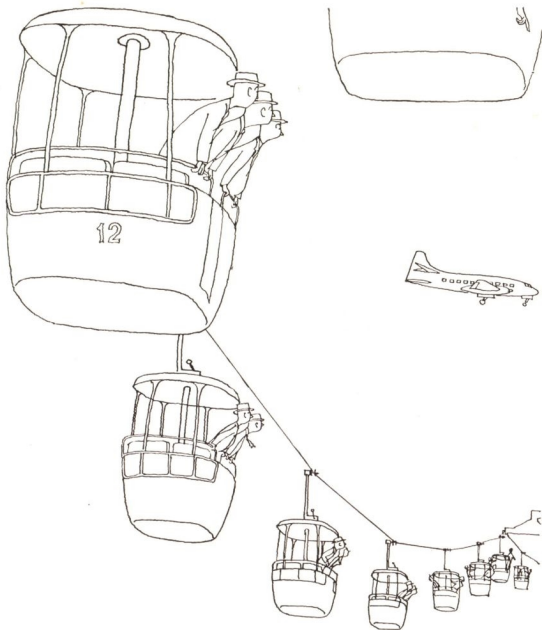
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MPA

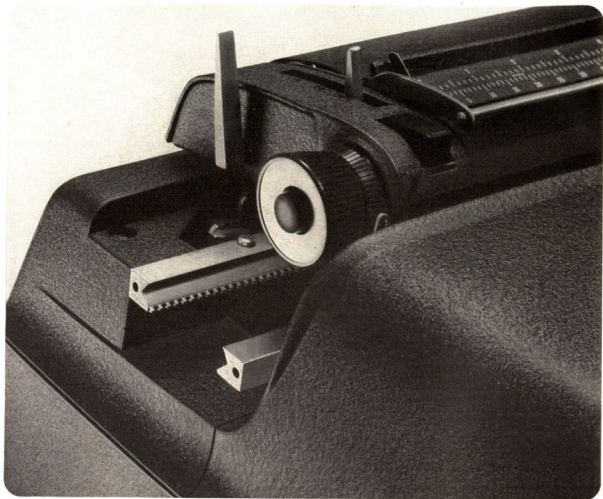
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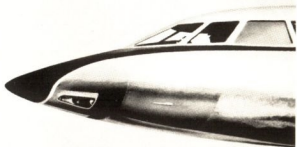
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There is something new in aviation—something you should know about if you buy or ride in company airplanes. For it's the newest version of today's dramatic new tool of business, the business jet. And this tool offers your company a formidable edge in today's competition. More profitable use of your executives' time. Increased mobility. Broader flexibility. Greater opportunity for you to make today's sale.

Now Pan Am is offering today's newest, and finest, business jet. The prototype, the *Mystere 20*, has been flying for over a year. Senior pilots from many U.S. corporations have flown it. The advanced production version is the *FAN JET FALCON*.

You may be sure that Pan Am's experience, the aircraft knowledge accumulated in 37 years of flying, has been incorporated in the *FAN JET FALCON*. Our desire to apply this experience—and in the process, to diversify our operations—is one reason for the *FAN JET FALCON*.

Another reason is Pan Am's unmatched service facilities. They will be

available to *FAN JET FALCON* owners in over 90 countries. In a real sense, business flying is now catching up with Pan Am's worldwide facilities. For one benefit of the *FAN JET FALCON* is certainly its admirable capability for operation overseas.

Which brings us to the aircraft itself. The *FAN JET FALCON* is a most remarkable performer. By far the most advanced in its field.

It is the only business jet in the world with fan-jet engines. At take-off these are 47% more powerful and 30% more efficient than jets without fans. They have proved so superior in performance and economy that commercial airlines today will not buy jets without them. The Falcon's fan-jets are built by General Electric at Lynn, Massachusetts.

The *FAN JET FALCON* will carry you almost anywhere you want to go with fan-jet efficiency. Maximum cruising speed is 540 mph. It is extraordinarily quiet. Range is over 2,000 miles. Normal runway requirement is only 4,500 feet. The aircraft's instrumentation and fail-safe systems are of finest American manufacture.

You have room for eight to 10 passengers in addition to crew. And we're not talking about shoehorn room, either. You sit back in gracious and thoroughly spacious comfort.

One reason for the *FAN JET FALCON*

may be less evident. It is no less important. We firmly believe that this aircraft, with its superlative capabilities, brings a new era of growth in reach of American business both at home and abroad. We welcome this era. It will help all of us in the business community. It will help America.

The *FAN JET FALCON* is being marketed by Business Jets, a new Pan Am division. We will provide training for your crew. In addition, Pacific Air-motive Corporation is associated with us for sales and service in the United States. Field Aviation is our associate in Canada.

We are accepting orders now. First delivery is scheduled for February, 1965. For more information, write Business Jets, Pan Am Building, New York 17, N. Y.

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NYR1

This 2 handicap golfer also happens to blend the world's finest Scotch.



George Thomson lines up his putt at the Kilmarnock (Barassie) Golf Club. He plays an excellent game of golf, but his true claim to fame is the "educated" nose he uses to blend Johnnie Walker.

Its name is Johnnie Walker Black Label. And its secret is the precise, authoritarian nose of one man. George Thomson, third master blender in the 144-year-old history of John Walker & Sons.

Why his whisky stands apart. Experts will tell you the sumptuous character of Black Label can come only from the richest of the 101 straight malt whiskies produced in Scotland. And Mr. Thom-

son's educated nose knows them all—their characteristics, their personalities, and how they'll "marry" with others.

For Black Label, he uses more than 40 of the expensive "single malts." To this blend of flavorful Highland malts, George Thomson adds just the exact amount of aged Scotch grain whisky necessary to complete the unique formula that is Johnnie Walker Black Label.

Are you paying a premium for Scotch? If you're paying for "the best," you ought to be getting all the smooth Scotch richness and true Scotch character of Johnnie Walker Black Label.

The superiority of it is recognized throughout the world by people who know Scotch whisky. It's in such demand in the United Kingdom that it's actually on ration there. But the current U.S. quota allows you to get a reasonable supply.

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LETTERS

The Goldwaterites

Sir: The Eastern fat-cat kingmakers are dead. Long live the Tiger from the West.

JOHN DAVIDSON

Boston

Sir: From their heavenly abode, three great American Republican personages, General Douglas MacArthur, Senator Robert A. Taft and Senator Joseph A. McCarthy, who felt the sting of political crucifixion by so-called moderate extremists, must have had a hand in the Miracle of San Francisco.

E. B. SCHEETZ

Hatboro, Pa.

Sir: The Republican Party has just elected the first all-American presidential candidate of this century and not the usual lily-livered appeaser we have come to associate with American leadership. The victory is, however, not only that of Goldwater and of the Republican Party but also that of all true anti-Communists in all the corners of the globe.

B.D.H. VAN NIEKERK

Middelburg, South Africa

Sir: The way in which you have so cleverly presented Barry Goldwater in the poorest possible light leads me to the conclusion that the John Birch Society, of which I am not a member, may have something after all.

EDWARD G. KORAN

Phoenix, Ariz.

Sir: As one of those who limits the wearing of tennis shoes to tennis courts, I thank you for restoring an aura of respectability to our cause.

ROBERT J. PINKERTON

Bloomington, Ill.

Sir: Why all this flap over Goldwater's pronouncement on extremism? With Goldwater as President, the Southern states can use a few of their rights at long last, and with a few extreme measures get those agitators (the live ones, that is) out and get their society back in order. I'm for a man who lets the people take care of their own problems in their own way.

BUD CORCORAN

Reily, Ohio

Sir: The liberalist extremists and patsies who have so unintelligently criticized Mr. Goldwater's magnificent classical statement in his acceptance speech would do well to heed Dante's *Inferno*: "A special place in Hell is reserved for those who in the face of a great moral dilemma maintain neutrality."

C. NORMAN SHEALY, M.D.

Cleveland

The Barryphobes

Sir: I am totally convinced that Barry Goldwater is sincere, intelligent, articulate, industrious, honest, courageous, religious, and dangerous.

WILLIAM F. KUNERTH

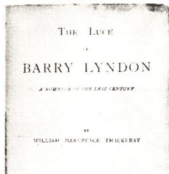
Ames, Iowa

Sir: Goldwater dwelt at length on city street crimes in his speech. Surely this is a local problem flatly contradicting his own basic policy: decentralization of Federal Government.

SUSAN WILSON

Durham, N.C.

Sir: Have you seen this?



(MRS.) MILENA SNIBBERK

Berkeley, Calif.

► Thackeray's anti-hero, christened Redmond Barry, was a soldier, Member of Parliament, traitor, spy, gambler, spend-thrift and all-round cad. He humbled the rich Lady Honoria Lyndon into marriage, taking her name as well as her fortune. *The Luck of Barry Lyndon finally ran out in a London prison, where he died of delirium tremens.*—Ed.

Sir: The radioactive fallout of fear, intolerance and ignorance at San Francisco has produced a political mutation that, like the proverbial mule, has neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity.

JACK ELLIOTT

Bound Brook, N.J.

Sir: We Germans have learned, very much to our regret, the inevitable outcome of leaders with big sticks. Are Americans prepared to pay the same tuition?

PAUL HANS BAMBERG, M.D.

Berlin

Sir: I see that Senator Goldwater has called Johnson "the biggest faker in the U.S." How can Goldwater draw such a superlative evaluation without, for example, knowing me?

RUDY BARCHAS

Tucson, Ariz.

Faulkner & the South

Sir: My compliments on your thorough, incisive cover story on William Faulkner [July 17] and his works. As co-editor of a recent book on Faulkner (*Bear, Man, and God: Seven Approaches to William Faulkner's "The Bear,"* I am familiar with

most of the extant Faulkner commentary, and have found yours among the most penetrating.

(MRS.) LYNN Z. BLOOM

Western Reserve University
Cleveland

Sir: As a Southerner I have never even once heard anyone reflect a "feeling of guilt" about slavery. Southerners feel no more guilty about having owned slaves than New Englanders who corralled the slaves in Africa and sold them in America.

MRS. J. F. MESSICK

Atlanta

Sir: Racial guilt phobia is the silliest concept since original sin. Southerners abuse Negroes because we all have to have someone to look down on, and for a redneck with no hound-dog, that ain't easy.

P. S. BARROWS

Del Mar, Calif.

Riots in Harlem

Sir: Every freedom-loving Negro, just as myself, must have some feeling of shame and indignation about the actions of roving gangs and mobs of Harlem's Negroes who, in the name of civil rights, loot and terrorize New York City and its law-enforcement officers [July 24]. It is hardly believable that some of the city's civil rights leaders are trying to pin the tag of blame on the city's police department. What is one supposed to do when one is confronted by mobs of bloodthirsty hoodlums?

(A/2C) JAMES HUTCHINSON

U.S.A.F.

March A.F.B., Calif.

Sir: I have lived in Mississippi all my life, and, naturally, I possess likes and dislikes concerning my controversial state. But I have recently added one more "like" to my list: I am glad that there are no subways in Mississippi (disregarding the fact that the state cannot afford them).

MARCUS ASHLEY

McComb, Miss.

Sir: I wonder if the folks in Harlem can refrain from looting, from throwing bricks, Molotov cocktails, empty pop bottles and rocks long enough to denounce Barry Goldwater again because of his stand on "extremism" and civil rights.

ROBERT BRUSCATO

Chicago

St. Louis' Revival

Sir: The article on St. Louis [July 17] was well done in that it presented evidence that our older cities can make a comeback despite the problems to which

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they are prone. As president of the U.S. Conference of Mayors I am especially appreciative of the continued efforts of TIME to point out the need to meet the challenge of the growth of our urban areas.

RAYMOND R. TUCKER
Mayor

St. Louis

The Commonwealth

Sir: I am delighted with your July 10th issue, which so beautifully portrays a number of historic homes on the James River.

This nation was cradled in Virginia, and we have the feeling that every citizen of this country should visit Virginia. We believe it impossible for anyone to be so exposed and not return home a better citizen and more conscious of his heritage.

A. S. HARRISON JR.
Governor

Richmond

Pamela Takes Exception

Sir: I should not have been in the Press section [July 17] since by so doing, you missed some of the most interesting things about me. I was the first person in the world to wear a topless suit on radio. Groucho's quote that I talk mostly about sex is untrue. In that department, I strictly believe actions speak louder than words.

PAMELA MASON
Pamela Enterprises Inc.

Beverly Hills

Corruption in Thailand

Sir: It is a very sad and disgusting story of the late Premier Sarit Thamarat of Thailand, who siphoned a mountainous amount of money from government funds into his pocket [July 17]. Unfortunately, there has been corruption in our government for decades, and the great robbers have been the Premiers themselves. I want to thank TIME for making such escapades available to public judgment.

KAMTHORN SUKUMARABANDHU
Stockton, Calif.

Presidential Poesy

Sir: "Destroy these letters!" Harding wrote. The lady smiled, and saved each note. Each precious bloom! O Low, dine, To spare these garlands for mankind!

Those scholars who in history roam
Between Taj's term and Teapot Dome,
May peer at every bud that blows
In beds of presidential prose.

WILLIAM J. TAYLOR

Rudyard, Mich.

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer



THIMMESCH



TERRY



KRISS

A BIG white truck like you will be easy to spot," a policeman warned New York Correspondent Nick Thimmesch as he started down Harlem's notorious 111th Street. "So if anybody bothers you, tell them you are a welfare worker delivering a check."

In three weeks of making his way through Harlem—talking to businessmen, politicians, police, civil rights leaders and people, as well as witnessing the riots—Reporter Thimmesch felt that no one bothered him very much, except to hurl a few jeers of "whitey" at him. Ironically, it was Washington Correspondent Wallace H. Terry II, come home to Harlem to spend four weeks working on the story, who during one riot was knocked down and out by a brick hurled from a rooftop.

Wally Terry lived in Harlem as a child, grew up in Indianapolis, was the first Negro ever to edit the student newspaper at Brown University (where he graduated in 1959 with an A.B. in religion and the classics), and was a reporter on the Washington Post before he joined Time's staff. While he now spends most of his time on stories of government and politics that do not turn on the question of race, his particular insight has made him an invaluable observer at many of the crisis points in the civil rights revolution. "I was with Medgar Evers the night before he was

killed," Terry recalls. "My room at a motel in Birmingham was bombed hours after I checked out of it. I was locked up with reporters and photographers in the Danville, Va., city hall when police flushed demonstrators down off the steps. But at no time did I ever feel that there was an absolute breakdown of community leadership such as I saw in Harlem, where mobs of people ran pell-mell in an open battle with the police."

Work on the cover story began long before the riots blasted Harlem to the top of the news. Artist Russell Hoban walked and drove through the streets for hours to renew his impressions of Harlem before he made the first sketches for his cover painting. It is a composite of many sights he saw and of the plain people of Harlem as he thought of them, "worried and watchful." Researcher Virginia Adams pored over most of what has been written about Harlem to compile a pointed summary that supplemented the correspondents' reports. In addition to all this material, Writer Ronald Kriss read widely in James Baldwin's works and social-agency documents, and late the night before the story went to press was in Harlem to confirm some impressions.

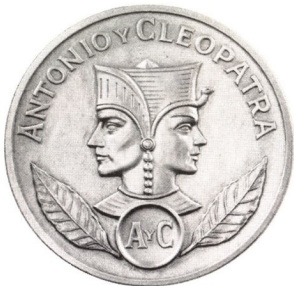
Combining all these elements, Time's aim was not to just report the racial trouble—which at its hottest moments is often overplayed—but to explain the ghetto called Harlem.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

July 31, 1964

Vol. 84, No. 5

THE NATION



RIOTING HARLEM YOUTHS FLEE CLUB-WIELDING COP
So explosive an issue could hardly be suppressed.

THE CAMPAIGN

The Proper Stance

"This may sound crazy," said Washington Post Reporter Edward Folliard to Barry Goldwater at Chicago's O'Hare International Airport, "but do you think it would be feasible for you, as the Republican nominee for President, to get together with the Democratic nominee and try to work out some agreement that would avert the inflaming of racial tension—some appeal for a peaceful America?"

Goldwater did not hesitate in his reply, "I think that's a very good idea," he said, "That's gone through my mind."

Absurd Idea. Barry had been saying for days that he hoped the passions of the presidential campaign would not exacerbate the civil rights struggle, and few Americans could argue with that wish. Now Harlem was aflame with riot, and a degree of political statesmanship seemed mandatory.

Having more or less publicly committed himself to seeking a civil rights meeting with President Johnson, Barry went about other business, waited a while before instructing an assistant to call the White House for an appointment. Meanwhile, news stories proclaimed that Goldwater was going to urge upon Johnson a pact that "civil rights be kept out of the campaign."

This, of course, was absurd. Whether rightly or wrongly, civil rights is, and is likely to remain the most emotionally explosive domestic issue of election year 1964. Both Goldwater and Johnson know this, and each quite understand-

ably suspects the other of intending to use the issue for his own ends.

The Phrases. Lyndon would love to trademark the phrase "civil rights"—it has a fine, pious ring, and anyone who says he is against "civil rights" is obviously an extremist. Goldwater, of course, hopes to win in the Democratic South not because he is against "civil rights" but because he is for "states' rights." Moreover, he figures to get votes outside the South because of the so-called "white backlash"—an unfortunate phrase that implies that anyone who does not go all the way with the Negro revolution, including its excesses and extremism, is some sort of Simon Legree with a whip in his hand.

On the afternoon that Johnson and Goldwater were finally scheduled to meet, the President held a press conference and threw it open to TV. As the Washington Post's Folliard entered the auditorium, one of the President's Secret Service men pulled him aside and requested that he ask Johnson very much the same question he had asked Goldwater at O'Hare.

Folliard dutifully did so, and Johnson was waiting in his best pulpit manner. "Well," he said, "I do not believe that any issue which is before the people can be eliminated from the campaign in a free society in an election year . . . I believe that all men and women are entitled to equal opportunities so that they may be judged according to their merits and not according to some artificial barriers. Now, to the extent that Senator Goldwater differs from these views, or the Republican Party differs, there

will, of course, be discussion. And I intend to carry on some of it if I am a candidate."

No Pix. When the actual Johnson-Goldwater meeting took place, it was icily formal. No photographs were taken, and when the session ended a scant 16 minutes after it started, White House Press Secretary George Reedy's communiqué was exquisitely balanced. "The President met with Senator Goldwater," it said, "and reviewed the steps he has taken to avoid the incitement of racial tensions. Senator Goldwater expressed his position, which was that racial tension should be avoided. Both agreed on this position."

Score one for whom? For neither—except that both displayed the proper stance.

That night, rioting spread from Harlem and other New York City ghettos to Rochester, N.Y. There, half a dozen Negroes jumped two policemen who had handcuffed a drunk for arrest. From that scuffle the rioting spread over 50 blocks, burst into a full-scale pitched battle between several thousand Negroes and 500 cops. Rioters overturned squad cars, assaulted white motorists with bottles, rocks and bare fists, and looted shops while burglar alarms clanged unnoticed. Police at first tried to hold back the mob with night sticks, soon switched to tear gas, police dogs and fire hoses. Finally, officials pleaded for state troopers to help, and after hours of unchecked violence the crowds were dispersed, at least for the moment, leaving the city under tight, state-of-emergency law.

NEW YORK

When Night Falls

Like so many affairs of their kind, the New York riots followed an isolated incident that in other, quieter times would have passed almost unnoticed in history's larger march. It took place on Thursday morning a fortnight ago, on a sidewalk in Manhattan's predominantly white East 70s. For reasons now lost in a tangle of differing tales, a white apartment-house superintendent turned a hose on a group of Negro teen-agers. The kids threw bottles and ashecan lids at the man, and three of them, including a 15-year-old named James Powell, chased him into the building.

A police lieutenant, off duty and in civilian clothes, heard the ruckus, flashed his badge, ordered the youngsters to quiet down. He was Thomas Gilligan, 36, a 6-ft., 200-lb. veteran of 19 citations, including several awards for disarming dangerous suspects. According to the police report, the Powell boy went after Gilligan with a knife. Gilligan ordered him to stop, but Powell kept coming. Then, "in defense of himself," Gilligan fired his revolver three times. The third shot went wild—but the first two killed the boy.

It would remain for a grand jury to get at all the facts. Some Negro witnesses claimed that Gilligan gave no warning, others that the youth had had no knife—even though one was found in the street not far from Powell's dead, outstretched hand.

To many people it seemed incredible that a man of Gilligan's experience could not have dealt with the boy without resorting to gunfire. For two days after that, this notion seeped through the Negro districts of New York City like liquid dynamite. Negroes, long lacerated by the thousand painful shards of ghetto life, by emotions stirred in the civil rights movement, by their hatred for police, whom they regard as both oppressive and corrupt, were only too ready to believe that the Powell death was a case of deliberate murder. And "police brutality" became their battle cry.

"Let's Go!" Hate-preaching demagogues took to the street corners, and raucous radicals issued inflammatory broadsides. From a pro-Red China outfit called the Progressive Labor Movement came a handout that screeched in-surrection: "Once again the cops have murdered one of our children. They have been killing about one black person a day in New York City. Lieut. Thomas Gilligan (remember that name) shot James once and James fell to the ground. This fascist cop stood over him and fired two more bullets into him. He then kicked the dead boy. THIS IS THE

WAY THE FASCIST AND RACIST COPS OPERATE HERE IN 'LIBERAL' NEW YORK. These murderers follow the orders of Commissioner Murphy, Mayor Wagner and Rockefeller. We don't have to go to Mississippi because MISSISSIPPI IS HERE IN NEW YORK."

By Saturday night, the most restless elements of Harlem, the broken- or no-home kids and the seething out-of-job adults, were bristling for a fight. It was hot and humid. Scores of people gathered for an outdoor protest rally called by three local chapters of Congress of Racial Equality. After harangues by CORE leaders, the Rev. Nelson C. Dukes, pastor of Harlem's Fountain Spring Baptist Church, and a veteran agitator, launched into a 20-minute call for action, exhorting everyone to march on the local police precinct station to present their "demands." "Let's go! Let's do it now!" cried his listeners, and the



POLICE LIEUT. GILLIGAN
Was it self-defense . . .

mob, swollen by now into a howling tide, huddled for the station house.

Police squads tried to hold them back, but the screaming mob swarmed through the streets. From tenement rooftops came a hail of bricks, bottles and garbage-can covers. The police, firing their guns into the air, moved the rioters back. Reinforcements poured into the neighborhood, and still came the storm of bricks and bottles. Whaling away with their night sticks, the helmeted cops waded into the mob. Pastor Dukes, watching it all with growing horror, muttered, "If I knew this was going to happen, I wouldn't have said anything." Then he walked away.

"Kill 'Em!" The senseless nightmare stretched, night after night throughout the week, through the main streets of Harlem, and, like an echo, through the Bedford-Stuyvesant slum district of Brooklyn. Roving bands of rioters—most of them kids—surged through the districts, aimlessly, desperately pursu-

ing their urge for violence. They attacked a passing car driven by a white man and roughed up a woman passenger. They broke doors and windows in shops owned mostly by Jewish merchants, tearing down protective iron gates and screens. They ran off with TV sets, appliances, canned goods, clothing.

One man was arrested while wearing a new coat, the price tag still dangling from his sleeve. A Negro woman lay down on the sidewalk and muttered through her drunken stupor: "They walk all over me in Greenville, South Carolina, and they might as well run over me here." An onlooker cried: "Did you see that? They shot that woman down in cold blood!"

Some hoodlums lobbed Molotov cocktails into the battalions of pursuing police. An organization called "Harlem Freedom Fighters" had helpfully issued a crude flier: "How to Make a Molotov Cocktail. Instructions: Any Empty Bottle, Fill With Gasoline, Use Rag as Wick, Light Rag, TOSS AND SEE THEM RUN!"

The nights shook with gunfire. Police exhausted their ammunition, and had to send out emergency calls for more. False fire alarms rang through the area. Mounted police heaved back against the mobs with their horses. Again and again came the cries of "Police brutality!" "Kill 'em!" "Murderers!" A white newsman, telephoning from a bar, heard a Negro yell: "We gotta kill all the whites!" He dropped his phone and scooted out. A bartender shook his head sadly: "Where are their parents? If the parents would take charge of them, they couldn't get mixed up in this."

The Leaders. In the lulls between the riots, Bayard Rustin, the Negro who organized last year's Washington civil rights march, roamed through the streets, urging residents to remain at home, but he had little success. An N.A.A.C.P. official issued a pleading leaflet: "Cool it, baby, the message has been delivered!" But to the rioters, anyone who urged restraint was only an "Uncle Tom."

They much preferred to hear leaders like CORE's National Director James Farmer, who ambled through Harlem insisting all the while that he was really trying to soothe the people. "I saw the cops united against the black man," he told a church meeting. "I saw New York's night of Birmingham horror!" He claimed that he saw a cop draw his service revolver and deliberately shoot a woman in the groin (the woman was actually nicked in the thigh by a ricocheting bullet). "I saw the blood pouring off heads of men and women!" Farmer cried. "It was my son and your son and every black mother's and father's son who died before that policeman's bullets!"

"Kill 'em!" the crowd answered. Another Harlem "leader" made no pretense at all about his aims. He was

* Then again, maybe not: less than a week later, a man who was being arrested by another officer suddenly lashed out with a knife—and the cop ended up on the hospital critical list with a slit throat.

Jesse Gray, a venomous little demagogue with a long record of Communist associations, who made a name of sorts for himself last year when he instigated a rent strike in Harlem. Gray sent out a call for "100 skilled black revolutionaries who are ready to die. There is only one thing that can correct the situation and that's guerrilla warfare!" He exhorted "revolutionaries" to establish platoons and to recruit 100 men apiece. "This city can be changed by 50,000 well-organized Negroes. They can determine what will happen in New York City!" A Black Nationalist named Edward Mills Davis issued a plea that "all you black people that have been in the armed services and know anything about guerrilla warfare should come to the aid of our people. If we must die, let us die scientifically!"

News to One. Returning hastily from his vacation, Mayor Robert Wagner broadcast a radio and TV appeal for

U.S. press as a whole. They did not hold a candle to recent insurgencies at Oxford, Miss., or Birmingham, or even to a 1943 riot in Harlem. Perhaps no more than 1% of the Negro population of New York was directly involved. One Negro was killed by a police bullet as he pelted officers with bricks from a rooftop; 140 people, including 48 cops, were injured, and 520 were arrested. The total cost in property damage and theft was yet to be determined, but it would certainly run into hundreds of thousands of dollars; more than 500 cases of property damage alone were reported.

President Johnson ordered 200 FBI agents into the Negro districts to investigate. There was little doubt that they would find evidence of Communist agitation behind the riots, but it was a mistake to assume that the week's violent handiwork was just a plot ordered by leftists and fire-eating Black

No Place Like Home

[See Cover]

At the height of Harlem's nighttime fury, a white police officer stood in the litter of glass and garbage that had come crashing down from the darkened rooftops and raised a bull horn to his mouth. "Go home," he pleaded with the glowering Negro mobs that clustered along Seventh Avenue and atop the shabby tenements. "Go home. Go home." From a man in the mob came a shout: "We are home, baby."

There was both defiance and despair in that cry, for Central Harlem is no place like home. It occupies only a 3.5-sq.-mi. wedge of upper Manhattan, but 232,000 people are packed into it, 94% of them black. Its worst streets are so crowded that if the same density prevailed throughout New York City the entire population of the U.S. could be jammed into just three of its five boroughs. It seethes with life and frequently boils over in violence. Its drug addiction rate is ten times higher than New York City's, twelve times higher than the nation's. Its murder rate is six times higher than the city's. "This is the jungle," says a Harlem woman, "the very heart of it."

Rats & Roaches. The jungle is, above all, inexorably and everlastingly dreary. There is no fun, no glamour here. There is little excitement even in the violence and sin. There are, of course, a few clearings. In the handsome residences up on Sugar Hill and the comfortable Riverton Apartments along the Harlem River, the black *bourgeoisie* live much as their middle-class white counterparts do. Dozens of such project apartment buildings rise above Harlem's slums like so many monoliths, changing the section's skyline as drastically as they have changed lower Manhattan's.

But there are also the tenements where the mortar is so fatigued with age that hoodlums had merely to peel the bricks from crumbling chimneys last week for ammunition to heave at the cops. Half of Harlem's buildings are officially classified as "deteriorating" or "dilapidated," but no classification—official or otherwise—can adequately describe their garbage-strewn hallways and rotting, rickety staircases, their rat-infested rooms and grease-caked stoves where the roaches fight one another for space, their crumbling plaster and Swiss-cheese ceilings.

On some streets, men who cannot find jobs sit on stoops playing pinocle and coon can and Georgia skin, or drinking "Dirty Bird" wine at 60¢ a pint from bottles hidden in brown paper bags. Buzzing around them are children who frolic unsupervised far into the night, wearing latchkeys on strings around their necks because there is nobody at home to care for them. Half of Harlem's children under 18 live with only one parent or none, and it is small wonder that the juvenile delinquency rate is more than double New York's



PASTOR DUKES EXHORTING CROWD
... or deliberate murder?

calm and promised that he would do his utmost to redress legitimate grievances, but he warned that the city would not tolerate lawlessness. "Law and order," said the mayor, "are the Negro's best friend—make no mistake about that. The opposite of law and order is mob rule, and that is the way of the Ku Klux Klan, the night riders and the lynch mobs."

The mayor seemed most concerned for the city's reputation, during a World's Fair year, as a tourist attraction. Hotels had reported more than 500 reservations canceled, and Wagner, making a patently preposterous claim, said that "no single visitor to our city has been physically attacked or brutalized in any way." That was news to Max Colwell, 61, manager of the famed Pasadena Tournament of Roses, who, only five hours before, had been beaten and robbed of nearly \$1,000 while visiting New York.

Whose Handiwork? Bad as the riots were, they were overplayed not only by most of New York's papers, but by the

Nationalists. The disorders were an outward symptom of a condition that runs so deep—through a maze of confused and ancient feelings—that even the most understanding hearts and minds find a solution difficult.

A Negro woman tried to explain her impulsive participation.

"I clean the white man's dirt all the time," she said. "I work for four families and some I don't care for, and some I like. And Saturday I worked for some I like. And when I got home and later when the trouble began, something happened to me. I went on the roof to see what was going on. I don't know what it was, but hearing the guns I felt like something was crawling in me, like the whole damn world was no good, and the little kids and the big ones and all of us was going to get killed because we don't know what to do. And I see the cops are white and I was crying. Dear God, I am crying! And I took this pop bottle and it was empty and I threw it down on the cops, and I was crying and laughing."

or that the venereal disease rate among Harlem's youth is six times higher than in the rest of the city. Harlem is a mother lode of such statistics, but no footnoted chart on child neglect could reveal as much about the place as the story of the lost little girl of three who was not able to tell the police where she was from, and knew her mother only by the name she had heard around the house: "Bitch."

C.P.T. Harlem, wrote Negro Novelist Ralph (*The Invisible Man*) Ellison in a 1948 essay, is "the scene and symbol of the Negro's perpetual alienation in the land of his birth." It is the archetypal Negro ghetto, and to some it is the black capital of the world. Says Wilt ("The Stilt") Chamberlain, pro basketball star and part owner of

Small's Paradise, one of Harlem's remaining handful of clubs with live entertainment: "A Negro here is different from a Negro in Philly or Frisco because he belongs."

No walls surround the ghetto except the invisible ones that can be the hardest of all to surmount. Harlem's Negroes have withdrawn behind the invisible walls, almost out of necessity, into a world of their own, complete with its own pride, its own lingo, and even its own time. In Harlem, C.P.T. means "Colored People's Time," and it runs one full hour behind white people's time.

The nether border of the Negro's world is Central Park. From just one block north, the fresh breezes and greenery seem a planet distant. Here

is 111th Street, between Fifth and Madison Avenues, infested with prostitutes and dope addicts. Up a ways, at 118th and Lenox Avenue, is "junkie's corner," and at the New York Central overpass at 125th Street, over which suburban commuters ride every day between air-conditioned offices and well-kept homes, Negro prostitutes wait for white johns who know the spot and drive by in their cars.

"You Can't Get No Place," Harlem is three classes: middle, working and deprived. It is where the middle class, or what is left of it, joins the Jack and Jill Club to insulate its children, later sends them to prep schools and takes them on vacation to the Caribbean or Europe or Sag Harbor—but almost never to Miami. It is where the middle class disdains interracial marriage and bristles when a Harry Belafonte marries a white woman. "We've got all the colors in the rainbow," said a doctor's wife. "What do we need to marry them for?"

Harlem is where Negroes refer to one another as "nigger" and "brother," "spook" and "hardhead," but woe to the white man who uses the same expression. It is where the white man is no longer the "ofay" (pig Latin for foe), but "Mr. Charlie" or "the man," and mostly "whitey," derived from the Black Nationalist talk of "the blue-eyed white devil." It is where a common laborer mutters to himself at a corner bar: "You don't come up to Harlem and whip my head, white man. You can whip me somewhere else. But not here, white man." It is where the Negro's next-door neighbor, the Puerto Rican, is eyed with suspicion when he ventures over from his East Harlem slum.

Harlem is also composed of sharp merchants and peddlars hawking "icies," cups of ice drenched with sickly sweet syrup. Its shops sell second-rate strawberries for half again as much as first-rate ones cost in Greenwich Village, and men can buy clothing for 9¢ to \$1.99 in "dump shops." Everywhere is the smell of cooking grease and the sizzle from all-night fry shops that sell porgie fish or pig's knuckles or chitlins (hog intestines).

Black Times Square. Harlem is the noise of Congo drums from a dark window and a throbbing twist beat on a transistor radio. It is street-corner churches and spired temples, 400 in all, always going full blast under the guidance of Holy Rollers and thunder-voiced spiritualists, some of whom drive new Cadillacs and live in the suburbs. It is a woman complaining: "Whenever you have a lot of preachers jumping on their head and rolling on the floor like hogs, I tell you, you can't get no place like that. You see people foaming, your women with their dresses up over their heads. My God, you can't get no place like that." But almost as numerous as the churches are the



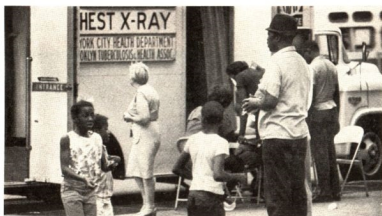
THE LOOK OF THE PLACE



STEPS OF CONDEMNED TENEMENT OFFER ESCAPE FROM CROWDED ROOMS.



SOCIAL, COMMERCIAL AND CRIMINAL LIFE ALL CONVERGE ON THE SEETHING STREETS.



HARLEMITES WAIT FOR CHEST EXAMS OUTSIDE MOBILE X-RAY UNIT.



JOCK'S PLACE OFFERS CONVIVIALITY OR SERIOUS TALK.



JOHN MARTIN



HAWKERS SELL COLLARDS TO GO WITH CHITLINS OR HOG MAWS.



LOW-RENTAL HOUSING BLOCKS SUPPLANT SLUMS, CHANGING SKYLINE AND SOCIAL PATTERNS.

NEGROES FIND SPIRITUAL SOLACE IN 400 CHURCHES.





IN GARBAGE-FOULED COURTYARDS, THE YOUNG IDLE AWAY HOT SUMMER DAYS AND NIGHTS.

tawdry bars and the liquor stores, and you can't get no place like that either.

Harlem is the corner of 125th Street and Seventh Avenue, the black Times Square, where orators on soapboxes or folding chairs harangue passersby to "buy black" or "get whitey." In the shadow of the Theresa Hotel, where Fidel Castro plucked his chickens and Cassius Clay celebrated the feathering of his nest, Lewis Michaux composes Black Nationalist doggerel:

If you're black get back

If you're red be afraid

If you're white you're perfectly right.

This is Harlem's heart, and 125th Street is its aorta. Here is Frank's Restaurant, crowded with white merchants at lunchtime, but thronged at dinner-time with middle-class Negroes, who are served with unctuous concern by white waiters. Here is Blumstein's, the only real department store in Harlem, but hardly a match for a midtown five and dime. And here is the Baby Grand, where Nipsey Russell's successor, Comedian Ray Scott, folds his hands, raises his eyes and beseeches:

"Let Goldwater have a seven-car accident with a gasoline truck that's been hit by a match wagon over the Grand Canyon. If he should survive, let the ambulance that's taking him to the hospital have four flat tires and run into a brick wall that's holding nuclear warheads and TNT. And if he should survive that, let him be thrown into a patch of wild dogs that's suffering from flea-itis and may he scratch himself insane. When he gets to the hospital, let the doctor be a junkie with a gorilla on his back and an orangutan in his room. Let the hospital catch on fire, and every fire hydrant from Nova Scotia to wherever he was born be froze up. Let muddy water run in his grave. Let lightning strike in his heart and make him so ugly that he'll resemble a gorilla sucking hot Chinese mustard lying across a railroad track with freight trains running across his kneecaps. And if that's not bad enough, let him wake up tomorrow morning—black like me."

Hoppy Valley. Above all, Harlem is, as the man said, home. "You couldn't pay me to live anywhere else," says a Negro high school dropout. "A white man, he's got a mark on him if he comes up here. I got a mark on me if I go down there." Still some Negroes would live almost anywhere else just to get out of the ghetto. "I felt caged, like an animal," said Writer James Baldwin, who fled to Greenwich Village and then to Europe. "I felt if I didn't get out I would slowly strangle." Poet Claude McKay put it another way 40-odd years ago when he described the Negro as feeling

Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot

While round us bark the mad and hungry dogs,

Making their mock at our accursed lot.

Once this inglorious spot was one of

the glories of New York, and a 19th century sightseer described it as a place of "little velvety islands and silvery rivers, sublimely picturesque in vernal bloom." Established in 1658 by Peter Stuyvesant, Nieuw Haarlem lay in a lush bottomland dotted with farms like "Happy Valley" and "Quiet Vale." At first it was connected to the rest of Manhattan by a single road built with Negro labor along an Indian footpath that is now part of Broadway.

When the elevated railway was extended to Harlem in 1880, land values boomed. It was obvious, said the *Harlem Monthly Magazine* in 1893, that "the center of fashion, wealth, culture and intelligence must, in the near future, be found in the ancient and honorable village of Harlem."

A Bridge of Green. Harlem became a place of brownstone fronts and Saratoga trunks. Oscar Hammerstein built the Harlem Opera House; it now houses

a magnificent row of brownstones on 139th Street that had been designed by Stanford White. The houses had 14 rooms and two baths, French doors and hardwood floors, but Equitable unloaded them for \$8,000 apiece.

"Let Me Off Uptown." The Negro migration was on, and the Northern labor shortages created by World War I sharply accelerated it. From 1915 to 1925 more than 1,000,000 Southern Negroes moved North.

Harlem's Golden Age began. "Meat was cheap and home brew was strong," wrote Historian Lerone Bennett. "Duke Ellington was at the Cotton Club and Satchmo was at the Sunset, God was in heaven and Father Divine was in Harlem." Those were the days of speak-easies with names like Glory Hole and Basement Brownie's Coal Bed, of stomp-in' at the Savoy and vaudeville at the Apollo, of "rent parties" where guests paid 50¢ or \$1 to help the host pay his

ROBERT W. COTTELL



LUNCH-TIME CROWD AT FRANK'S RESTAURANT

If you're white, you're right.

a bowling alley. William Waldorf Astor put up a \$500,000 apartment house on Seventh Avenue. Commodore Vanderbilt showed off his trotters on Lenox Avenue. The rich flocked up to Harlem for the summer.

Then the Negroes began pressing to get in. After the bloody Civil War draft riots in New York, when rampaging whites lynched 18 Negroes, drowned five others, and burned down a Negro orphan asylum, the black colony began an exodus to remote uptown areas, first the upper West Side and after the turn of the century to Harlem. White real estate dealers formed "protective" associations to prevent block-busting, hung "White Only" signs in windows.

But economics played a hand, perhaps proving the validity of the current cliché that ultimately the bridge between black and white will be green—the color of money. The land speculation collapsed. Apartments went empty, even after rent cuts. Finally, a group of Negroes got into a house on 134th Street. Later, the Equitable Life Assurance Society gave in and sold "Strivers' Row,"

rent and got all the food and drink—and sometimes sex—that they could manage. It was the time when Jazz Singer Anita O'Day told her audiences:

If it's pleasure you're about,

And you feel like steppin' out,

All you've got to do is shout:

Let me off Uptown.

But Uptown was growing more and more crowded, and lurking just beneath the throbbing, wild surface that white merrymakers saw on their Saturday night outings lay serious trouble. In Novelist Carl Van Vechten's *Nigger Heaven*, a Negro character says of the New Yorkers who live below Harlem: "It never seems to occur to them that Nigger Heaven is crowded, that there isn't another seat, that something has to be done. It doesn't seem to occur to them, either, that we sit above them, that we can drop things down on them and crush them, that we can swoop down from this Nigger Heaven and take their seats."

Fresh Inflow. In 1935 the coiled tension of Harlem lashed out in a riot that began when a 16-year-old boy was

seized stealing a cheap penknife in a white-owned variety store. This was the height of the Depression, and for months Negroes had been mesmerized by the nationalistic "buy black" speeches of a Philadelphia Negro who called himself Sufi Abdul Hamid (real name: Eugene Brown). The rumor spread that the boy had been beaten to death, and though it was false, the mobs left four dead, 100 injured and \$1,000,000 in property damage, largely to white stores.

Eight years later, a white policeman trying to arrest a woman for disorderly conduct shot and wounded a Negro G.I. for interfering. Rumors flashed through the ghetto that the soldier was dead, and this time the toll was five dead, 500 injured, \$5,000,000 in damage.

During World War II still another inflow of blacks to New York began. In the last 20 years, the city's Negro population has increased 2½ times, now

poor and uneducated, and you only need three strikes all over the world to be out, and I have nothing to live for but this shot of dope," says one addict. But the habit is costly: \$1 for a marijuana "reefer," \$3 for a "bag" (a single grain of heroin), \$5 for a "deck" (three grains). A heavy user may need up to \$75 a day, and that often means mugging people and sometimes killing them for the wherewithal.

"Numbers?" sneers a white police detective. "Hell, that's a game. Narcotics is something else. Me and my partner, we pick up junkies, and sometimes we even get a pusher. We want to go further, get to the wholesaler. Well, mister, we can't move one inch more. If I move in, I may get busted to patrolman. You push too hard in narcotics, you can get to be DOA, which is dead on arrival."

Fast Payoff. "Numbers" is the poor Negroes' reach for the pot of gold, and 100,000 of them slip nickels and dimes

week, said the Rev. Richard A. Hildebrand, head of New York's N.A.A.C.P. chapter, was "the explosion of a total community resentment, deeply rooted in the absence of respect on the part of Harlem citizens for the cop on the beat, whom they see in far too many compromising situations."

One of the major demands made by Negro leaders last week was for more Negro cops in Harlem—the ratio is 1 Negro policeman to 6 white. Ironically, the proportion of Negroes was once much higher, but civil rights leaders complained that if white police could patrol Harlem, Negro police ought to patrol white neighborhoods, and New York's civil-righteous sensitive Democratic city fathers dutifully scattered the Negro cops around the city.

Unbreakable Cycle. The cops and the cloudy issue of "police brutality" were last week's headline material, but Harlem's problems go much deeper. "The most dangerous creation of any society is that man who has nothing to lose," wrote James Baldwin in *The Fire Next Time*, and Harlem abounds with such men. They have neither jobs, nor homes worth living in, nor an education. The tragedy of Harlem is that yet another generation of such men is being bred because they cannot break out of the vicious cycle of the ghetto: poor schooling, leading to a low-paying job or no job at all, leading to housing in a rundown neighborhood, leading anew to poor schooling for the children.

There are 50,000 Negroes on New York City's civil service rolls, and the city has one out of every nine working Negroes on its payroll. But Negro unemployment runs twice as high in Harlem as elsewhere, and most of the jobs that are open pay bare subsistence wages. "You go down to the employment agency, and you can't get a job," says one Negro. "They don't have a job for you." Automation heightened the problem, throwing thousands of elevator operators, ditchdiggers and counter-men out of work.

Negro politicians stir passions when they point out that 80% of Harlem's businesses are owned by whites who do not live there. Most of them are Jews, and here are the sparks of Harlem's blazing anti-Semitism. The fact is that some of Harlem's most flourishing enterprises are run by black millionaires who don't live there either, but at least they are black. "If we are unable to bring about an orderly transfer of business from whites to Negroes in Harlem, it will be done one way or the other," thunders James Lawson, president of the United African Nationalist Movement, head of the Harlem Council for Economic Development and a thoroughgoing demagogue. What Lawson means is clear. Last April half a dozen Negro punks entered a husband-and-wife clothing store on 125th Street, got into an argument and stabbed the wife, Mrs. Magit Sugar,



LEADERSHIP RIVALS FARMER, RUSTIN & GRAY
Exploitation and exhaustion breed justifiable fury.

stands at 1,200,000, or 15% of the total. More than half the new arrivals spilled over into ghettos in the other boroughs, creating huge new Harlems: Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant, whose population has trebled since 1940 and is soon expected to pass Harlem itself; South Jamaica-St. Albans in Queens, where the Negro population has trebled in a single decade; Morrisania in the Southeast Bronx. Together with Harlem, the four ghettos house 80% of New York's Negroes.

Three Strikes. In the '50s, Harlem's population actually declined by 27,000 because of the construction of vast housing projects. The outflow relieved the ghetto's congestion somewhat, but it also damaged Harlem's future almost beyond repair, for 41,000 middle class Negroes in their 20s and 30s got out, making Harlem more of a slum than ever and leaving it with no core to build on.

Today, Harlem's three precincts, patrolled by 1,200 police, about 85% of them white, are the city's busiest. Narcotics is the top problem. Of New York's 30,000 junkies, 15,000 to 20,000 live in Harlem. "I was just born black,

to "runners" each day in the hope that their three-digit number will come up for a 600-to-1 payoff. Otherwise known as the policy racket, the numbers game drains Harlem of \$50 million a year, but it also provides a living for 15,000 runners and controllers. Negro stores abound with code books advising that if you have dreamed about the police you should bet the number 782; about cats, 578; about adultery, 900.

Once, Negroes controlled Harlem's numbers racket. But, so the story goes, one Harlem policy banker was hit hard during the 1930s and went to Racketeer Dutch Schultz to borrow \$5,000. So quickly did he pay it back that Schultz became interested, and before long the big-time mobsters moved in. Now Negroes complain that Italian and Jewish racketeers, protected by the police, control the game, and a Black Nationalist has drawn cheers by calling for "black control of the numbers."

Most Harlemites are convinced that the cops turn their backs on such rackets for a price. And this conviction vastly complicates the problem of policing Harlem. What happened last

to death with a double-edged dirk. Lawson said that the store, once worth \$5,000, could now be bought from disconsolate Frank Sugar, a Hungarian refugee, for \$150. Similar "expropriations," he predicts, will take place if whites do not sell out to Negroes.

Relief Pets. Anger over Harlem's housing took concrete shape last fall, in rabble-rousing Jesse Gray's "rent strike." All told, Gray claimed that 4,500 tenants from 325 buildings refused to pay their rent because their landlords had failed to rout the rats, drain the swampy basements and plug the holes in the walls and ceilings. Mayor Wagner lent his support by ordering a new drive against "slumlords," but the Buildings Department, with a backlog of 250,000 complaints, is still snowed under.

While the tenements steadily decay, Harlem's housing situation is looking up in other ways. The city, hoping to reverse the middle-class exodus by offering more attractive quarters, has adopted a three-pronged program of municipal loans for rehabilitating existing houses, public projects and private developments. Under the rehabilitation program, it has handed out \$1,000,000 in 20-year, 4% loans since the beginning of the year to help landlords to save whatever is worth saving, chiefly the solidly built brownstones scattered throughout the area. Another \$5,000,000 will flow in the near future. "With these loans," says Herbert B. Evans, Negro vice chairman of the city's Housing and Redevelopment Board, "we can go into the louisiest damned area in the city and do something. Some of these landlords have just quit, and we've got to move in."

Not Near Enough. In the last 15 years, some 25 public and private projects have been launched in Harlem at a cost of \$370 million, providing space for 84,000 people. Some are in the planning stage, such as a \$30 million development for 7,440 people on the site of the Polo Grounds, which started out as a playground for Manhattan's horse set and later became one for baseball's horsehide set. But this is still nowhere near enough. For all the gripes by Negro intellectuals about the esthetic shortcomings of the projects, applications outnumber acceptances 9 to 1, and even in costlier developments like Lenox Terrace, a \$40-a-room private venture, there is a long waiting list.

Critics complain that the projects wipe out small businessmen, leave slum dwellers with nowhere to go, and perpetuate the ghetto by "packaging" people in huge, blocky buildings. While there is something to their complaint, the fact is that the projects are the best hope of luring back the professional people, whose escape to the other boroughs and to the suburbs has robbed Harlem of its middle-class backbone. Says Evans: "Harlem must have middle-income housing to hold its productive

people. Too many have left for other areas. But it needs good buildings to hold its people. We've got to put something back into Harlem."

But that will take time, and the city's short-range solution for the Negro who is snared in the ghetto cycle is public assistance. Nearly a fourth of Harlem's people are on welfare, many under the Aid to Dependent Children program. Critics complain that the program encourages loose women to increase the monthly check by reproducing as often as possible. Whether this is true or not, there is certainly some chiseling. Some men leave home or are sent packing by their women so their families can qualify for ADC support.

Gang-Busters. New York City Welfare Commissioner James R. Dumpsion, 52, a Philadelphia-born Negro, claims that only 275 cases of fraud were unearthed in 1963. Once, he said, welfare workers could not tell one Ne-



CONGRESSMAN POWELL
Keeping whitey angry.

gro child from another and all the kids in the neighborhood ran from house to house, a few steps ahead of the social worker, to pad the rolls. But now his department workers demand birth certificates and school records.

Dumpsion also uses what he calls the Early Morning Visit, in which investigators charge into a woman's flat at 5 a.m. like gang-busters and, if a man is present, try to find out whether he is filching welfare money or dodging child support. Not surprisingly, some welfare workers object to the technique.

To many officials, the best hope of breaking the self-renewing jobs-housing-education cycle lies in the schools. By the time they reach sixth grade, Harlem's children are nearly two full years behind their classmates downtown. The dropout rate is 55%, and the children often as not wind up on the streets, for the unemployment rate among Negro teen-agers is 40%. These youths are the despair of Harlem, for they are, in a sense, living proof of its failure. "Look at those damned kids," snapped a Negro man as packs of teen-agers ran wild last week. "They won't

listen to nobody. They won't listen to no damned thing."

Even so, says the Rev. Dr. M. Moran Weston, rector of St. Philip's Episcopal Church in Harlem, "there are a lot of natural leaders out on those streets. Somebody just needs to help them." Weston's church, for one, is helping by offering basketball and music, field trips and job placement services to 500 children a day. Some 150 social services are also at work in Harlem, spending as much as \$10 million a year.

Into the Honey Pot. The most ambitious project of all is the three-year, \$110 million HARYOU-ACT* program, partly supported with federal funds. It is the brainchild of Kenneth Clark, 50, a City College professor whose brief on the effects of discrimination helped shape the Supreme Court's 1954 school desegregation decision. It envisions a network of community councils and organizations dedicated to fighting poverty and helping the ghetto's youngsters by setting up half a dozen businesses that will be run by some 3,000 teen-agers, after-school study centers for those with nowhere to go, job information and training centers handling 2,300 youths a year, preschool academies to get toddlers out of fetid tenements, and a crash remedial reading program for Harlem schools. "We've got to show them that hard work does pay off," says Clark, "even for Negroes."

There is a lot of honey in the HARYOU-ACT pot, though, and the politicians are already buzzing around it like humbees. Buzzing loudest is Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, who threatens to hamstring the venture unless he is given veto power over the choice of its executive director. The issue remains to be settled, but even if the program is not pork-barreled dry, it will be a long time in producing tangible results.

Uncle Tom. Among its many calamities, one of Harlem's severest is its politicians. "To get elected in Harlem," said New York State Assembly Candidate Percy Sutton, 43, "you have to prove you can talk tougher with the downtown whites than your opponent does. And you got to holler 'Uncle Tom' and a lot of other things." The result is a lot of noise and little of value to Harlem.

Where, for example, were Harlem's leaders last week? Its hero, its Congressman, and pastor of its huge, 10,000-member Abyssinian Baptist Church, Adam Clayton Powell, was in Switzerland and Washington, but not Harlem. "There's one good thing about Adam Clayton Powell," says one Negro. "He seems to make the Caucasians very angry." Harlem's only city councilman, J. Raymond Jones, was fresh back from

* Standing for Harlem Youth Opportunities Unlimited and the Associated Community Teams, a sort of Peace Corps for Harlem.

his Virgin Islands retreat, but he saw no reason to comment on the situation.

Fragmented Leadership. Even when they are on the scene, Harlem's leaders are quarrelsome and grasping. A few weeks ago, the Rev. Robert M. Kinloch, head of a largely paper outfit called the Independent Community Improvement Association, turned up to picket a 125th Street cafeteria to protest "the lack of a black face behind the counter." Suddenly the Rev. Nelson Dukes turned up to "mediate" in his capacity as head of the Blue Ribbon Organization for Equal Opportunity Now. The pickets shouted "Uncle Tom" at Dukes, and Kinloch complained, "This is my demonstration and my pickets."

The Black Nationalists, too, are split every which way. Spiritual heirs of that flamboyant fake Marcus Garvey, the Jamaican Negro who paraded through Harlem under a banner with a black star in the 1920s calling for a return to Africa, scores of outfits exist. There are Elijah Muhammad's Black Muslims and Malcolm X's offshoot Organization of Afro-American Unity, the Ethiopia Coptic Orthodox Mission and the House of Common Sense and Home of Proper Propaganda, which displays a sign advertising the book *The God Damn White Man*. All told, they probably have no more than 5,000 members.

Knocking of the Door. In every way Harlem is a used community. It is used by its leaders. It is exhausted by its few pleasures and impoverished by its vices. Hustlers, black and white, catch its people coming and going.

Black slumlords shout about the iniquity of white slumlords, and nobody knows that they themselves own tenements. Black runners collect numbers for white bankers, and black pushers sell dope for white gangsters. Black nationalists preach "buy black," then get drunk on whisky from a white man's store. Black preachers damn Jewish shopkeepers for overcharging black customers, then milk the blacks dry over the collection plate. Black Communists weep over the Negro's condition, then stir up riots in the hope that they will furnish a dead Negro martyr or two.

So it goes in Harlem, and so it will continue to go unless a stable and sensible leadership develops. There is justifiable fury in Harlem, but so many charlatans are scrambling to harness it to their own ends that it has become blurred and diffused. Should Harlem ever develop a selfless, home-grown leader, this much is certain: that fury will be aimed against whatever barriers of discrimination still exist, and it will take some costly resistance to keep them from falling. As a Negro patrolman on 125th Street put it, "You have to keep knocking on the door. If you don't knock, they won't hear you." In the long, hot summer of 1964, the question for New York and for every U.S. city with a Harlem of its own was: How hard would Harlem knock next time?

THE CONGRESS

Daily Double

Prosperity, especially if it really exists, is a splendid theme for an incumbent President to stress in his campaign for re-election. But how much nicer if he can also run against poverty, even if it's found only in pockets.

That prosperity *cum* poverty parlay is, of course, the election-year daily double that President Johnson hopes to have pay off, and last week he took a substantive stride in the direction of the cashier's window. After two days of stormy debate, the Senate cut Johnson's anti-poverty program by only \$15 million, to \$947.5 million, and passed it by a resounding roll-call vote of 62 to 33. Fifty-two Democrats and ten



SENATORS GOLDWATER & TOWER
Some people can't read English.

liberal Republicans voted for the measure, while eleven Democrats, mostly Southern, and 22 Republicans, led by Barry Goldwater, cried no.

As approved by the Senate, the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964, under the proposed aegis of Peace Corps Director Sargent Shriver, provides for a work-training program aimed at stemming the growing school-dropout population, a work-study program to help needy college students, a \$340 million fund to aid localities in their own anti-poverty schemes, and money for rural-poverty loans and small-business loans. The only major Senate amendment was one introduced by Florida's Democratic Senator George Smathers. It was a sort of concession to states' rights forces, and gave Governors the power to veto youth-camp programs within their borders. Next action will come from the House, which is scheduled to report the Administration bill out of the Rules Committee this week. The prognosis was for much tougher going there than in the Senate.

In a spurt of uncommon activity, the Congress last week also:

► Passed, in the Senate, a \$207 mil-

lion pay increase for military personnel. Most servicemen will get 2.5% pay hikes, but officers with less than two years of service will get an 8.5% raise. House passage is virtually certain.

► Passed, in the House, the most far-reaching land- and water-conservation bill devised since the establishment of the National Park Service in 1916. The program provides the states with \$180 million annually for ten years. Most of the money would be used for matching grants to encourage development of outdoor recreational facilities. The bill now goes to the Senate, which may not get around to it before adjournment.

► Passed, in the House, a \$287.6 million program to remedy the shortage of trained nurses, of which the nation has only 550,000. The money will go to training schools and nursing students in need of scholarships or loans, in the hope that the number of nurses will thereby be increased to 680,000 by 1970. The Senate will probably approve the bill.

REPUBLICANS

Ozward & Onward

Like any other Sunday ham, Nominee Goldwater sat before the radio rig in his Phoenix home, chatting amiably with people across the nation. Finally he signed off reluctantly, explaining that he had to "go back to the Land of Oz—Washington, D.C."

His first post-convention victory breather was over, and indeed there was much campaign wizardry to be brewed before November. Oz-bound early last week, Barry's plane stopped at Chicago, and in a press conference Goldwater defended his controversial quote: "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice."

It did not, he said, mean he condoned extremist groups that worked toward "the overthrow of the Government" and, in fact, "did not apply to political philosophy at all." Insisted Goldwater: "It's the plainest English I ever used. I just think some people can't read the English language, and I feel sorry for them when they can't see the fences around that sentence."

Blaming Bobby. When someone asked about the John Birch Society, Barry retorted, "Cite me one example of extremism by the Birch Society." Barry was reminded that the society had adopted the thesis of its founder-president, Robert Welch, who wrote in his book, *The Politician*, that Dwight D. Eisenhower was either a "mere stooge" or was "consciously serving the Communist conspiracy."

Barry fired right back. "I would call that ignorant," he said, "but it certainly was within their constitutional rights to do it." Well, not really. The Constitution guarantees no one the right to libel another individual—and if Eisenhower had chosen to, he could have stuck Candyman Welch with a libel suit

that would have melted him down to peanuts.

As for the summer's outbreak of civil rights street fights, Barry put the blame on Bobby Kennedy. "We would not be having the trouble we are having today in the cities if we had an Attorney General who was not always trying to be moderate and would go on and apply the law," he said. Asked if he didn't think that civil rights leaders were right in their militant—and nonmoderate—pursuit of justice, Goldwater said: "No, because you see we have a law on the books, and if it were adequately enforced, a solution to the civil rights problem would be forthcoming."

Once in Washington, he found 500 excited fans waiting at the rain-swamp airport. But as Barry began to speak, eight leather-lunged clods from George Lincoln Rockwell's American Nazi Party set up a howl. Goldwater's fans swarmed around the agitators from Rockwell's zoo and a fist fight broke out. Goldwater cried: "Let them go! It's really pitiful what young people can do in this country if they have nothing else to do—but it's their constitutional right."

Welcome Assaults. The next day Barry drew another assault that might yet help him. In Warsaw to celebrate the 20th anniversary of Communism in Poland, Nikita Khrushchev said that Barry was trying "to enter the White House under the slogans of anti-Communism and belligerent threats."

Goldwater turned up on Capitol Hill for only one session during the week and surprised no one by voting against the Johnson Administration's poverty bill. He was already on record in a scathing Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee minority report, drafted in tandem with Texas Republican John Tower that labeled the poverty bill "an attempt to reap political rewards," and he accused Johnson of trying to sell "almost exact replicas of programs that were tried by the New Deal during the Depression."

Barry spent most of his week at the Washington apartment, where he began to tinker with the machinery that would propel his \$15 million campaign for the presidency. Among other things, he decided to kick off the campaign with a mid-August speech in his "lucky town"—Prescott, Ariz., where he launched both of his successful Senate campaigns.

Breakaways from Barry

In San Francisco, Barry Goldwater threw out a dare to his party's dissidents. "Anyone who joins us in all sincerity, we welcome," said Goldwater in his acceptance speech. "Those who do not care for our cause we do not expect to enter our ranks in any case."

By last week there was a fair number of Republicans who obviously had mislaid their credentials of sincerity for Barry's cause. Among them:

► New York's Republican Senators

Kenneth Keating, who is up for reelection this year, and Jacob Javits, whose term lasts until 1969. Warning of "ominous indications" that Goldwater would "exploit the 'white backlash' in the North and appeal to the dying old social order of segregation in the South," Javits said: "I am and will remain a Republican, and will not bolt the party, and will not support President Johnson—but I must in conscience withhold my support from the national Republican ticket." Keating, who is running scared even though the Democrats have not yet named his opponent, said: "I'm going to campaign on my own issues and avoid attacking other people on the ticket." But both Javits and Keating left the door open for supporting their party's nominee



SENATORS DIRKSEN & KEATING
Some would come to the milk pan.

if he "satisfactorily" explains his views to them.

► Maryland's Senator J. Glenn Beall, 70, who is up for re-election, and Baltimore's Mayor Theodore McKeldin, whose term runs until 1967. Beall wants Goldwater's interpretation "from his own lips" of "our party's platform"; McKeldin wants him to do something "to modify the widespread interpretation of his stands."

► Maine's Governor John Reed, along with the state's second-term Representative Stanley Tupper who, after a denunciation of extremism, said: "I feel relieved I've taken this stand. At least I can live with myself."

► Pennsylvania's ten-term Representative James G. Fulton, who comes from a labor-heavy south Pittsburgh district, who said: "I am taking my stand because I have to shave myself every morning."

Hearing of the dissidents, Goldwater himself reacted in casual fashion. Said he: "That's their own choice to make. I'm sorry they feel that way." Other Goldwater supporters seemed even less worried. Old Ev Dirksen, for one, talked about a "healing process," pre-

dicted that the breakaways would eventually "come to the milk pan." Concluded he: "These things have come and gone in our political history. You're bound to lose some, but I don't think it means much."

DEMOCRATS

"I Was the Instrument"

Alabama's Governor George Wallace for weeks has been bursting with tall talk. After his surprising performances in presidential primaries in Wisconsin, Indiana and Maryland, Segregationist Wallace announced that his name would be entered on the ballots of at least 16 states in the November election. He hoped that he might win enough electoral votes to force a sort of "coalition" government with one of the major parties—one in which he would be given power of review over Supreme Court appointments and assurance that never again would civil rights leaders "set foot in the White House." But last week, as abruptly as he had entered, Wallace withdrew as a presidential candidate.

Still he stayed as cheeky as ever. "My mission has been accomplished," he said in a television interview. "My purpose was to help conservatize both national parties. Today we hear more talk of states' rights than we have heard in the past quarter-century. I was the instrument through which the message was sent to the high councils of the parties."

Actually, when faced with a choice between Barry Goldwater, a conservative with a chance, and George Wallace, a racist with none, Wallace's supporters had started deserting him in droves. In Atlanta, where 100,000 had been expected to hear him speak, only 10,000 turned out. Even good friends joined in jumping the sinking ship. Georgia's ex-Governor Marvin Griffin, who had been helping to organize the Wallace-for-President campaign, now announced he would vote for Goldwater.

As for Goldwater, he insisted that there had been no deal with Wallace. But Barry could hardly be anything but cheerful about Wallace's withdrawal. In San Francisco, he had already admitted that the Wallace campaign was "something to be concerned about." If the Republican nominee "can't get his foot in the door in the South," said Barry, "he is not going anywhere." Wallace, he said, "has strength where I have strength."

In the wake of the Wallace withdrawal, Alabama Republicans claimed, with some justification, that Goldwater would not only carry the state but would carry some Republican Congressmen along with him. In Mississippi, Tom Garrett, a longtime member of the state Democratic executive committee, began cranking up a Democrats-for-Goldwater movement. Throughout the South, Gallup and Harris polls agreed, a Wallace candidacy would have cost Goldwater 12% of the vote, Johnson 7%.

THE WORLD

FRANCE

The Prophet Heard From

A De Gaulle press conference has been described as a series of answers to which reporters are supposed to think up the questions. Even when the presidential monologue fails to offer any new "answers," the world has learned to listen. De Gaulle's latest appearance before the assembled press at the Elysée Palace, his first in six months, was as usual full of imperious generalities, lofty self-justification, and barbs for friend and foe. Since De Gaulle wears history well, and knows it, the occasion also offered some fairly startling historical silhouettes.

• **U.S. ROLE.** World War II, said De Gaulle, had produced two superpowers, the U.S. and Russia. But America's sole conduct of Western policy was now a thing of the past, for, with economic and military reconstruction, "Europe emerges as an entity capable of living its own life." Naturally, he went on, "it must preserve an alliance with America. But the reasons which made Europe less an ally than a subordinate are disappearing one after another." Europe must now assume its share of responsibility; this should only please the U.S., for, the implication was clear, things were just getting too much for the Americans. "Whatever America's wealth, its power, its good intentions, the multiplicity and complexity of the problems are such that henceforth they outstrip, perhaps dangerously, its means and capacity."

• **EUROPE.** With the two superpowers no longer so super, Europe "should have an independent policy . . . Gauls, Germans, Latins, many of them cry: 'Let us create Europe.' But which Europe? For us French, the Europe should be a European Europe." That tautologous definition turned out to be a label for De Gaulle's familiar vision of a loose assemblage of nationalist states. Sarcastically he dismissed the more ambitious hopes of European federalists for a European executive and parliament. Then De Gaulle fixed an accusing eye on West Germany because it "does not yet believe that Europe's policy should be European and independent"—meaning that Chancellor Ludwig Erhard is tied too tightly to U.S. apron strings.

• **DETERRENT.** De Gaulle was happy to bring the world up to date on the state of France's fledgling atomic air force: "The first unit will be operational this year. In 1966 we will have sufficient Mirage IV planes and refueling aircraft to be able to transport over several thousand kilometers projectiles whose total explosive power is greater than 150 Hiroshima bombs." He did not add that all this would be impossible without airborne refueling tankers that are to be supplied by the U.S., nor that, as an air force staff colonel disclosed last week, the primitive French bomb will crowd the Mirage considerably; it is more than half as long as the plane's fuselage.

• **VIET NAM.** De Gaulle was at his most annoying on the subject of South-east Asia, for which he once again proposed neutralization. He reviewed some background in particularly acid terms. When the French left Indo-China in 1954, "the Americans arrived with their aid, their policy. At that time the Americans were offering themselves everywhere in the world, considering themselves invested with the burden of defense against Communism. I believe that one can add, without hurting our American friends, that their sense of vocation, and also their aversion to all colonial activity which was not theirs, led them to take the place of France in Indo-China."

De Gaulle made it sound as if Americans had wanted to move into the Indo-Chinese mess—and not, as was really the case, that the U.S. entered the scene with great reluctance to salvage something from the mess left behind by the disastrously defeated French. In any case, "it does not appear there can be a military solution in South Viet Nam," declared De Gaulle, and the best thing the U.S. could do would be to sit down with France, Red China and Russia, and work out a political deal for the whole area.

President Johnson promptly and firmly rejected the notion: "We do not



DE GAULLE AT PRESS CONFERENCE
Down with the superpowers?

believe in a conference called to ratify terror." A few days before, a Saigon crowd had anticipated that answer. A mob of angry students invaded the French embassy in Saigon, smashing furniture and ripping the official seal from the entrance. "Down with France! Down with De Gaulle! Down with neutralism!" they shouted. Then they hanged De Gaulle in effigy, alongside a figure representing North Viet Nam's Ho Chi Minh.

SOUTH VIET NAM

To the North?

"He is getting to be a puppet that pulls its own strings." So runs the latest joke in Saigon. South Viet Nam's Premier Nguyen Khanh, not exactly an American puppet, certainly is the Vietnamese leader in whom the U.S. has shown its greatest confidence, and in whom it has placed its highest hopes. Last week, Khanh moved well ahead of official U.S. policy by saying, in effect, that the war against the Reds cannot be won so long as it is restricted to the south, that the only solution is to move against North Viet Nam.

At a rally marking the "Day of National Shame," the tenth anniversary of the Geneva accords partitioning Viet Nam, Khanh told 60,000 of his countrymen: "This is not only an urgent appeal of a million refugees from the north, nourishing the dream of liberating their native land. This is not only the ardent wish of thousands of families in the south with relatives who went to the north. This is also the fervent wish of the religious sects, and of the students . . . The push northward [is] an appropriate means of fulfilling our national history." Then the little general led the throng in loud shouts of "Bac tien!" ("To the north!")

Tough Talk. Lower-echelon officials took up the cry. A government declaration urged that the war be pressed "until total victory liberates our whole national territory." Toughest talk of all



DE GAULLE EFFIGY HANGED IN SAIGON
Down with neutralism!

came from Khanh's air force commander, mustachioed Commodore Nguyen Cao Ky, who packs a bone-handled six-shooter in a Texas-style holster. At a news conference, Ky embarrassed his U.S. advisers by openly confirming that for three years South Vietnamese sabotage teams have been slipping into the north on the ground and by air. "I myself dropped special-forces units into North Viet Nam," boasted Ky. Actually, his disclosures added little to what was already known. The raids were begun under Diem, with U.S. approval, and apparently are continuing sporadically but with scant success.

Ky also argued that his air force should be allowed to "attack the north and even Communist China," claimed that 30 of his pilots are getting jet training, although the Vietnamese air force does not yet have any jet aircraft. Said Ky: "We are ready. We could go this afternoon. I cannot assure that all North Viet Nam would be destroyed, but Hanoi would certainly be destroyed."

One flustered American adviser at the press conference hastily suggested that perhaps Ky did not have a complete command of English. But Ky's words were clear enough, as were Khanh's.

Brass to Brass. Surprised and uneasy, new U.S. Ambassador General Maxwell D. Taylor paid a brass-to-brass call on Khanh, firmly reminded him that he was out of line with American policy. Khanh, in effect, replied that he was enunciating South Vietnamese policy, not U.S. policy—a specious argument, since no South Vietnamese thrust northward could possibly succeed without massive U.S. involvement.

It was, of course, the U.S. itself that some months ago started making threatening noises about moving north. But when U.S. military men in South Viet Nam consider this possibility, they usually think of limited air strikes against carefully chosen targets. U.S. officers are still convinced that there simply are no easy, dramatic formulas for victory in Viet Nam. The primary effort must be to win in the south, they feel, and Khanh must drastically improve his army's fighting ability before proposing a contest with Ho Chi Minh's formidable northern battalions.

That point was well illustrated last week when the Viet Cong guerrillas struck punishingly along the Mekong Delta. For the umpteenth time, an army battalion hurrying to relieve an outpost under attack—this time 120 miles south of Saigon—walked into an ambush in broad daylight.

Open Flanks. From a U.S. Army pilot who was flying a spotter plane over the scene came a chilling account of Viet Cong proficiency. According to Sergeant Ben Munsey of Manchester, N.H., the guerrillas were so well hidden that he flew 30 feet over their heads without seeing them. "Suddenly the foliage seemed to get up and run, revealing Viet Cong in black pajamas with camouflaged helmets running

across soggy paddies," said Munsey. In five minutes the Viet Cong dashed nearly 1,100 yards, cut off the road. The army troops dispersed into a swamp, but as they did, another guerrilla column turned up at their rear. The government toll: 26 dead, 60 wounded, 136 missing, including a U.S. Army sergeant.

Privately, U.S. advisers bitterly complained that the Vietnamese often just won't post sufficient flank guards to avert ambush. In the Mekong River village of Caibe, the Reds attacked a military dependents' compound, and 16 women and 24 children were killed in the crossfire—one of the worst tolls of civilians thus far in the war.

Against this kind of enemy, argue the Americans in Saigon, an even greater military effort must be made in the

ister again. Socialist Pietro Nenni, 73, was Deputy Prime Minister again. In fact, all but two of the 26 Cabinet ministers were back in office, the same four-party center-left coalition still controlled the Cabinet, the same battles were still being fought among the coalition partners. So what else is new?

The Christian Democrats and Socialists who dominate the coalition had still not resolved the differences that kept them split during the previous six-month center-left government. The Christian Democrats want to pull out all stops to check Italy's 6% inflation, with tight wage and credit controls. The Socialists want to combine a milder anti-inflation program with a five-year economic development plan and an urban land-expropriation scheme to halt speculation and build low-cost housing.



CIVILIAN DEAD IN VILLAGE OF CAIBE
Up came the foliage.

south, including a more effective draft: thousands of able-bodied civilians are still lounging about Saigon. But Khanh can reply that, no matter what he tries to do in the south, the war can hardly be won so long as the north not only infiltrates men and matériel into his country, but provides ideological and strategic guidance to the guerrillas.

ITALY

Till the Next Crisis

If it hadn't been so hot, Italians might have noticed that a new government—their 25th since 1943—had been sworn in somewhere in the middle of last week. If it had been a new government, that is. As it was, *Dio mio*, there wasn't much to notice except the hottest summer in a decade. And storm warnings that a full-scale political crisis might be on the way.

Christian Democrat Aldo Moro, 47, the patient bureaucrat, was Prime Min-

Unable to resolve the differences, the two parties buried the alternatives: essentially, the new government's program provides for neither sweeping stabilization nor foreseeable development and reform.

Ideology & Ambitions. Moreover, in the 26 days between Cabinets, neither Moro nor Nenni had been able to heal the internal breaches that weakened their parties. Nenni, once a dogmatic Marxist and longtime partner of the Communists, in recent years has been leading his Socialist Party toward the social democracy espoused by Britain's Labor Party. But the way was bitterly blocked by the hard-line Marxist minority in the party's far left. In recent weeks Nenni, as party president, decided to crack the whip, managed to isolate his leftist opposition, even got control of *Avanti*, the party newspaper—and last week wrote a boldly anti-Communist editorial. But this courageous move cost him heavily: seven

party leaders bolted, more threatened to bolt.

As for Prime Minister Moro, who leads one of the most insignificant factions of the Christian Democratic Party—and is Prime Minister only because he represents the most inoffensive compromise between the others—got absolutely nowhere in his battle to control the whole party. Just the reverse. Because the Christian Democrats' factions are split by ambitions rather than ideology, several top party members are gunning for him. Among them: ex-Premier Armintore Fanfani, Treasury Minister Emilio Colombo, who heads the faction that includes President Antonio Segni.

40 Factions. Moro could not resolve even the relatively minor issue—Parliament's rejection of his proposed \$238,000 aid package to private schools—which brought down his last harried government. Still divided, the new government has handed the project over to technicians for "comprehensive" study.

In fact, the only reason Moro's new government was returned to power was that, in the intricate scheme of Italy's nine political parties and the 40 factions boiling within them, no other coalition seemed possible. The only other alternative, calling new nationwide elections, was dismissed for two reasons: most parties are still broke from last year's campaign, and with both inflation and unemployment rising, the democratic parties are afraid that elections might lead to dangerous Communist gains.

But new elections may be coming anyway. Some economists believe that Italy will be hit by a major crisis around Christmas unless Moro gets a firm hold on the economy. Such a crisis, or even a minor crisis like a school-aid bill, could well topple the Cabinet again, and might force President Segni to call the elections no one (except possibly the Reds) really wants.

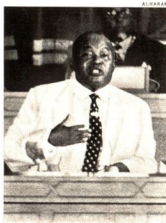
AFRICA

Devil's Advocates

What were those noises emanating from the upper right-hand corner of Africa last week? To the aligned, non-African ear, they sounded suspiciously like self-criticism. The chiefs of state, gathered in Cairo for the second annual summit of the Organization of African Unity, laid their doubts on the line in a manner that would have done credit to a convention of devil's advocates.

Timely Reference. Most forthright was chunky, acerbic Philibert Tsiranana, rightist President of the Malagasy Republic (formerly Madagascar). "All I hear," he told his uneasy listeners, "is blah, blah, blah. We all talk too much, and we must purge ourselves of this disease." In the course of his own 85-minute harangue, President Tsiranana offered purgatives for a few other African diseases.

"Beware of raising armies," Tsiranana



MADAGASCAR'S TSIRANANA
"Blah, blah, blah!"

warned, "for they can overthrow us. Beware of visiting African delegations that come to enjoy your hospitality and praise you to your face, but stir up insurrection behind your back." To the nervous titlers of such practitioners of insurrection as Algeria's Ahmed ben Bella and Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser, he took a cut at that African holy of holies, nonalignment. "We all say we are neutral, but we all favor anybody who helps us," Tsiranana said. "If you ask me the truth, I'll say *mai oui*. I am allied." Then he hit home with a telling blow: "We all regret Patrice Lumumba's death, but who amongst us has not executed opponents? Have you never signed an order to execute one of your rivals?" The reference was particularly timely, for vociferous objections advanced by some O.A.U. members had prevented the Congo's embattled Premier Moïse Tshombe from attending the Cairo conference, partly on the



TANGANYIKA'S NYERERE
"Petty peevishness!"

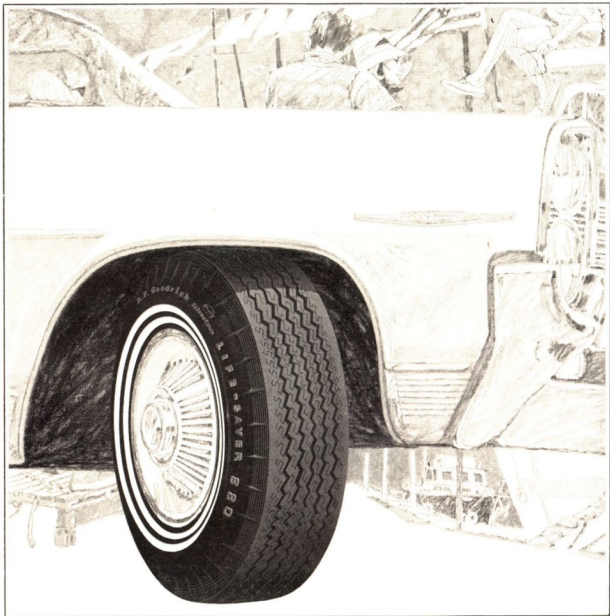
grounds that he had acquiesced in the murder of Lumumba.

Balkanized Continent. Tsiranana, of course, was denounced as a neocolonialist stooge. Next on the list of outspoken orators was Ghana's leftist Kwame Nkrumah. In a two-hour meander through his customary wood lot, the Redeemer threw some insights into Africa's darker thickets. As it now stands, he said, Africa consists of "economically unviable states, which bear no possibility of real development." Nkrumah warned against the continent's "Balkanized nationalism." All true enough, but Nkrumah's solution was his usual Pan-African panacea—a union government, with guess who as President.

The delegates easily dismissed the Nkrumah proposal of instant union as wholly unrealistic. They reacted more strongly when Nkrumah struck out at the O.A.U.'s "liberation committee"—a nine-man group that coordinates and finances the activities of some 16 separate "freedom fighter" organizations aimed at freeing the African nations still controlled by white minorities. Blasting the committee for its "inexcusable" failure to make effective use of Egyptian and Algerian military experience, Nkrumah cried: "We have worsened the plight of our kinsmen in Angola, Mozambique, Southern Rhodesia and South Africa. We have frightened the imperialists sufficiently to strengthen their defenses, but not enough to make them abandon *apartheid* and white supremacy."

For the present at least, Kwame Nkrumah was right: Angola's tired rebels have been fought to a standstill after three years by a tough Portuguese force of 40,000 men who are not reluctant to plant mines in manioc fields. South Africa's large, bristling army and hard-handed Special Branch cops make any anti-*apartheid* activity tantamount to a career in jail. Only in the peanut enclave of Portuguese Guinea is a black nationalist rebellion doing well, but no one really believes that this matters a great deal.

More Practice. Still, Nkrumah's were fighting words, and they drew the rare wrath of Tanganyika's Julius Nyerere. Reading in clipped English, his hands snapping in angry gestures, Nyerere wondered at the "curious imagination" of "the Great Redeemer." Ghana, he pointed out, had paid nothing to the liberation committee. Yet Nkrumah budgets \$5,600,000 a year for "African affairs," which is nothing more than a slush fund to finance opposition groups in other African countries. Nkrumah, charged Nyerere, was acting out of "petty peevishness," because Ghana had not been invited to join the liberation committee. Moreover, Nkrumah used his grandiose union scheme merely as a device to block anyone else's more modest but more realistic plans. Delegates began to applaud, and suddenly Nkrumah himself started clapping and



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kept it up while being tongue-lashed by the Tanganyikan.

In the end, the O.A.U. made a few practical decisions: Addis Ababa, where the organization was founded a year ago, was named as its permanent headquarters, and delegates settled on Guinea's U.N. ambassador, Diallo Telli Boubacar, as their first secretary-general. It was a modest underlining of the conference's most persistent theme, As Nyerere put it: "What we need is not more preaching about unity, but more practicing of unity."

THE CONGO

The Black Eagle & Other Birds

It was homecoming week for the hawks of the Congo. On foot and on bicycles, in rickety lorries or astride crimson farm tractors, some 6,000 of Moïse Tshombe's former secessionist gendarmes came swarming out of their hideouts in the bush to march triumphantly through East Katanga's capital of Elisabethville. Another 2,000—still armed and under the command of white mercenary officers—waited in Angola, just on the other side of the Congolese border, for orders from the Congo's new Premier.

During the 13 months of his exile, Tshombe kept in close touch with his tough Katanga cops, paying those in Angola regularly and the boys in the bush when he could. It was well that he did, for he needs them now to stiffen the spine of the demoralized Congolese national army, which has been totally unable to quell Communist-encouraged tribal revolts in the eastern Congo. All it really takes to win a town is a long-distance telephone call. Usually when a rebel leader rings up his next target, the Congolese army contingent on hand flees before the rebels arrive.

Back to the Hospital. Meanwhile Tshombe received support of another kind. Into Leopoldville last week swooped a raptor well known to the gunrunners of the world: Colonel Hubert Fautleroy Julian, 66, "the Black Eagle of Harlem." A dandified, fast-talking Negro of West Indian birth and U.S. citizenship, Julian first became involved in African military causes in 1930 when he personally destroyed one-third of the Ethiopian air force. Of course, it consisted of only three airplanes, one of which the Black Eagle managed to crash at the feet of Emperor Haile Selassie. After serving as an arms buyer for various Latin American countries, the Black Eagle showed up in the Congo, only to be arrested in 1962, then expelled by the United Nations for allegedly smuggling arms to Tshombe.

This time he brought something less dangerous: a set of goose-down pillows, "worth \$75 apiece," for Tshombe's uneasy head. Explained the Eagle: "My wife didn't want his head resting on the same pillows as Adoula's." He

also brought a mysterious offer of \$500 million to help resuscitate the economy, and a due bill of \$24,000, which he claims Tshombe owes him for "services of an undisclosed nature" in 1962. But before he could either collect or deliver, Julian had to check into the very place where the U.N. detained him two years ago: a hospital now run by the Danes. As the colonel explained, rolling up the leg of his elegant grey trousers: "I go through five wars without a scratch. But coming down here in the plane a Coke bottle falls off the stewardess' tray and wrecks my knee. If I weren't a ducky, you'd notice the discoloration."

Task for a Prophet. While the Black Eagle treated his bruises, Moïse Tshombe was busy inspecting more serious wounds. Off he flew to Central Kivu province where rebel tribesmen dominate an Iowa-sized area and threaten to spread even farther. Tshombe as-
UPI



JULIAN IN KATANGA (1962)

Hello, Moïse!

sured himself of a wild reception in the capital of Bukavu by lifting the "state of exception" and the tight 11 p.m. curfew. He responded to the enthusiasm by painting the future possibilities of Kivu tourism: "Many foreigners are waiting for peace to return here so that they can come to admire your flora and fauna."

More realistically, he conferred with a rebel lieutenant and promised to send a delegation to talk with the leader of the Kivu revolt, Leftist Emile Soumialot. But such are the petty rivalries among the rebel leadership that even if Soumialot were to sign a cease-fire, many doubt that he could make it stick. For all the hope Tshombe's appearance inspired in Kivu, an ominous mood underlay the superficially triumphant tour. One Kivu official bluntly warned Tshombe: "If you do not succeed, you are a false prophet." The Premier's bright grin disappeared for a moment. "You are so right," he said. "After me there is nothing."

INDIA

Too Many People, Too Little Food

On the office wall of Home Minister Gulzari Lal Nanda is a map of India that bristles with small flags, each representing a town where there has been serious unrest over the nation's growing food crisis. Every week brings more flags to the map: protest demonstrations in Bombay, a rampaging crowd in Rampur, looting of grain shops in Agra. India's Reds are busily preparing "mass agitation" to exploit the food shortage. Said Communist Party Chairman S. A. Dange: "A government that cannot feed the people should quit."

At the heart of the problem is the inability of India to expand food production quickly enough to keep up with a population that is increasing at the rate of 10 million a year. For each of the past three years, total food output has fallen below the 1960 level of 81 million tons, and even in the case of the improved rice crop, deliveries to consumers are off by more than 16%, owing to merchant hoarding and an inefficient marketing system.

Deep Discontent. The impact of steadily soaring prices of rice and grain, India's staples, as well as those of vegetables, eggs and cooking oil, is felt hardest by the urban dwellers, who make up 18% of the population. A man and his wife, both employees of the Kerala state government at a combined wage of \$84 per month, well above India's average, these days are forced to halve the family's milk consumption, cut out eggs entirely, and stretch the supply of rice by eating it in the form of soupy gruel. A Calcutta schoolteacher who makes \$55 gives his children two meals a day, but can afford to eat only once daily himself. Worse off still is the hapless Bombay textile mill worker, who must overspend by \$6 monthly and make up his deficit by borrowing from money lenders at 9%.

The discontent of such people has led the government to predict widespread food riots soon. Food Minister C. Subramaniam blames hoarding by wholesalers for much of the trouble, declares that some merchants have actually bribed railwaymen to slow down food trains so that temporary scarcities will force prices up in some critical areas, permitting them to make a killing. Recently he warned wholesalers at Hyderabad: "If you do not discipline yourselves, and continue exploiting the people, the government will nationalize the entire trade."

New Competitors. India's government has already intervened substantially. In April, "food zones," intended to confine the marketing of wheat and rice within certain organized areas, were initiated on Delhi's orders; they have not worked because, say wholesalers, the zones merely disrupted the normal patterns of trade. Next fall the

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government will actually go into competition with rice merchants by establishing a state trading corporation that will buy up huge portions of the crop, sell them at "fair" prices directly to retail outlets.

Such bureaucratic tinkering, of course, will not get at the root of the problem: the need to raise agricultural yields through modern methods. The U.S.'s Ford Foundation and the Agency for International Development (AID) have begun pilot programs designed to teach farmers better techniques. These programs have increased production dramatically in several small areas, chiefly through the use of fertilizer, improved seed, pesticides, credit and better implements. But it will be years before such programs can have national impact in a country that doggedly resists change. Meanwhile, Delhi leans heavily on purchases of surplus wheat from the U.S., which under the Public Law 480 program, has averaged 300,000 tons per month since 1960.

MALAYSIA

Amok But Not Asunder

It was the Prophet's 1,394th year to heaven, and the Malay Silat of Singapore were bursting with birthday fervor. The Silat are Moslem warriors who wear black sarongs and practice a karate-like form of combat. About 100 of them brought up the rear of a procession as it made its way last week from Singapore's rambling old cricket field through the center of town, when a Chinese traffic cop ordered them to tighten their ranks so as not to obstruct traffic. A few of the Silat knocked him flat, and in an instant the rest of the Malay crowd reminded everyone that *amok* is a Malay word.

Quick Retaliation. Screaming "*Pukul China!*" ("Strike the Chinese!"), the Malays descended thousands strong into Singapore's Chinese neighborhoods, burning cars, hurling motor scooters

into drainage ditches, smashing shop windows, and trying the keen edges of their parangs on Chinese throats.

The Chinese were quick to retaliate. Abetted by members of the Triad Society, an illegal but ill-contained gang of Chinese extortionists, pimps, gunmen and gamblers, they took advantage of a break in the hastily imposed curfew to murder a few Malays. One had his head shattered by a hammer, another was scalped by the ragged edge of a broken bottle, and an Indian photographer was found with a cargo hook in his forehead. Before the week was out, 21 Chinese and Malays were dead, 454 injured, and the handsome, prosperous city itself had temporarily become a ghost town. Armored cars carrying cops and troops whispered through Singapore's old colonial arcades over streets covered by a snow-fall of broken glass.

Rumahs Were Rife. Singapore's violence has its roots in old racial antagonisms. When Sir Stamford Raffles founded the colony in 1819, there were virtually no Chinese on the sultry island. But since the native Malays were indolent, the British encouraged diligent, apolitical Chinese to come aboard, and today the city-state's population is 74% Chinese. The Malays kept to themselves in their rustic kampongs (villages), jammed into smelly, unlighted thatch-roofed *rumahs*, which were rife with disease.

Wealthy Chinese, on the other hand, built villas, staffed them with servants and concubines, and took charge of Singapore's economy with little opposition. With an annual per capita income of \$450, Singapore today is the wealthiest city in Southeast Asia. But the Malays simply said "*Tida apa*" ("It doesn't matter"), and rationalized their lowly condition with the help of the Koran, which they interpret as condemning commercial endeavor. As a result, the Malays are largely chauffeurs, street cleaners, firemen and cops,



THE TUNKU AT WASHINGTON MOSQUE
Wanted, more than sergeants.

while the bulk of the Chinese are shopkeepers or larger entrepreneurs.

Out of Control. When the Federation of Malaysia, consisting of Singapore, Malaya, North Borneo, Sarawak and Brunei, was formed last September, the new nation gave a slight numerical edge to the Malays—42% of the 10 million population as opposed to 38% Chinese. The leader of Singapore's Chinese community, Lee Kuan Yew, was a firm backer of the multiracial federation. As Prime Minister (in effect, mayor) of Singapore, "Harry" Lee, though nominally a socialist, had kept Singapore wide open to free enterprise, and fought the Communists hard. At the same time, he did much to help the city's Malay minority. He became so popular in Singapore that in last fall's city elections his People's Action Party won handily over the Malay-dominated United Malaysia National Organization, the party of the federation's Prime Minister, Tunku Abdul Rahman.

Lee also challenged the Tunku's U.M.N.O. in national policies; while he did not get very far, the Malays resented it. Party polemicists, who were not encouraged by the Tunku but not sufficiently curbed by him either, falsely charged that Lee was pro-Communist, demanded his arrest, burned him in effigy. One leaflet distributed in Singapore bluntly advised: "Before Malay blood flows in Singapore, it is best to flood the state with Chinese blood." It was this sort of racist prodding that contributed to last week's violence.

Anything You Like. As Singapore's rioting subsided into sullen, sporadic outbursts, Prime Minister Abdul Rahman was still busy in Washington. To counter Indonesia's threat that it will "crush Malaysia"—which it probably



CHINESE & MALAYS CLASHING IN SINGAPORE
Potentially, more dangerous than Sukarno.

could do, thanks to Soviet aid in arms and training—the Tunku was seeking U.S. military assistance. Sukarno, said the Tunku, “is to us what Hitler was to Europe.”

The U.S. is still determined not to bring about a complete break with Sukarno, and moreover believes that the defense of Malaysia is primarily a British responsibility, but President Johnson promised “anything you like from sergeants on up” in the way of military training. Moreover, he agreed to consider the Tunku’s request for U.S. jets and helicopters.

But if Singapore’s racial split widens to include the whole federation, not even airplanes will be any help. The feud between Malays and Chinese could then become a greater threat to the federation than Sukarno. To prevent all Malaysia from running amok, Lee and the Tunku called on all Malaysians to cooperate with the central government. “The first phase of the rioting is over,” Lee said. “Our business now is to restore confidence. If order isn’t restored, we’ll all go mad.”

COMMUNISTS

My Daddy Can Beat Your Daddy Several Centuries from Now

The ideological issue between Moscow and Peking, once so murky, was assuming an almost dazzling clarity.

Out last week were the latest statistics for Soviet industrial production, showing a 74% increase in the first half of 1964. Many Western experts suspect the real figure to be about 5%, but even if correct, it would be the smallest percentage increase claimed since 1942. The usual claim in recent years has been closer to 10%. The lag appears to be caused by crop setbacks, which affected the food production industry, and a sharp drop in the increase in productivity. To cope with this, Khrushchev talks more and more about providing greater incentives, only recently announced a 20% to 40% wage increase for some 18 million doctors, white-collar workers, teachers.

This is the kind of thing Nikita’s rivals in Red China watch with growing suspicion. As Peking put it in its latest blast, a 24,000-word article in People’s Daily: “A privileged bourgeois stratum has emerged in Soviet society.” In fact, Khrushchev’s “phony Communism” is restoring the “forces of capitalism” and substituting for the class struggle “the struggle for a good dish of goulash.” It is the “Communism of the American way of life, and Communism seeking credits from the devil.”

Western Russia- and China-watchers are carefully studying the attack, and Berlin Kremlinologist Richard Lowenthal concludes that, far from being merely another anti-Russian blast, it is in effect “Mao Tse-tung’s ideological testament.” For the document warns that the same sort of wicked reversion to capitalism that is happening in the

Soviet Union could also happen in China. The Chinese party has had some cases of “degeneration,” says the article, and there must be ceaseless vigilance to keep the newer generation of Chinese leaders from going soft, as the West hopes they will. Concluded Mao’s testament: “A very long period of time is needed to decide who will win the struggle between socialism and capitalism. Several decades won’t do it. Success requires anywhere from one to several centuries.”

RED CHINA

Tourism for Ugly Imperialists

Every Friday morning, Pakistan International Airlines flight 750, a Boeing 720 jet, takes off from Dacca in East Pakistan and heads for Shanghai—the only major flight by a non-Communist airline into Red China. PIA has been making the run for three months, charging \$428 for economy class round trip, and so profitable has it turned out to be that the airline is adding a second weekly flight. The Chinese Communists are using the Pakistani planes to open the door, at least a tantalizing crack, to Western business and tourist dollars.

Kits promoting the tourist pleasures of Forbidden China have been sent to thousands of travel agents. Chinese consulates now grant tourist visas in a startlingly quick three days. The result has been an increasing flow of travelers and fellow travelers from almost everywhere except the U.S. (neither Washington nor Peking will permit Americans to enter).

Kindergarten Quacks. Those who do get in are allowed to see only the carefully polished edges of China. For \$30 a day, not including transportation, they are chaperoned by official guides over a neatly policed route that

takes in six cities, including Peking, and a few selected communes, schools and factories for those who are interested. The visits can be deceiving: one kindergarten class began a quacking song for the benefit of a French tourist. As he recalls it, “‘How charming,’ I thought, ‘a song about ducks.’ But then I learned they were singing something that sounded like *quan quao quai*, which means, more or less, ‘Ugly imperialists, go home!’”

The London Daily Mail’s Angus Macpherson, who went in on the first PIA flight, described the New China as “a land of spacious loveliness cultivated down to the last inch, crisscrossed with power lines.” To tourists, the most vivid first impression is cleanliness—the result of a Communist Party drive to shame, cajole and organize the people into cleanup squads that left everything shining.

Bare Subsistence. Kitchens may be clean, but they are also bare. The people still subsist on cabbage and rice, although good harvests have ended the near famine of the early ‘60s. Sugar and wheat are still rationed, but ice cream and cakes are plentiful and cheap, and the stalls at the central markets are banked high with ornamental heaps of vegetables, meat, tiny eggs and fish. “China has not forgotten how to eat,” one tourist was told by his guide. Nor has it forgotten how to cook—for those who can pay for it. The once-great cuisine of Peking has slipped, but French TV Commentator Maurice Werther, who traveled 10,000 miles during six weeks in China, would still give even tourist-hotel tables a two-star rating in *Michelin*.

China’s big city hotels are fair and, for tourists with hard currency, inexpensive (about \$6 for a single room with bath). Most of the time the plumbing works, the hot water is hot.

EASTPHOTO—UPI



MAO TSE-TUNG RECEIVING STUDENTS
Threats of softness in the younger generation.



NANKING STREET SCENE



HOTEL DINING ROOM IN SHANGHAI

Pasteurized prostitutes in a vast, songless plain.



BOY & GIRL IN HANGCHOW*

But in winter, hotels in South China are poorly heated, and those in the north are so overheated that guests have to keep their windows wide open. In the summer, only Canton's Yangcheng Hotel has air conditioning—and it is turned on only between 5 and 10 p.m. Other hotels usually supply electric fans, but cut off all power every night. Still, the service is excellent, and so scrupulously honest that most travelers never bother to lock their hotel room doors. In fact, it becomes almost impossible to get rid of anything. One Briton tried to lose a hotel towel he had borrowed in Karachi, but it kept reappearing, wet and reproachful, at his every departure from every Chinese hotel. Finally, he claims, he had to carry it back to Karachi.

Rooftop Exercise. Despite China's many wonders, Western visitors find the atmosphere depressing. The cleanup squads wiped out not only dirt but the birds, thereby turning China into a vast songless plain beyond the worst dream of the late Rachel Carson. News from the outside world is silenced, too, and one lonely visitor said he felt as if he were on a ship at sea without a radio.

In the streets the Chinese are uniformly clad and often regimented; even the children usually march in ranks of three or four. Early every morning, Radio Peking broadcasts 15 minutes of calisthenics, and Chinese rush to parks, public squares or their own rooftops to follow the exercises. The physical culture cult is so strong that one traveler reports watching a woman doctor shadowbox down a crowded street without arousing even an inquiring glance.

Night life is virtually nonexistent. There is dancing until 11 p.m. at Peking's International Club, where a white-gloved bandleader leads the reeds through *Red Sails in the Sunset* and other period pieces. Otherwise, there is only a handful of dreary hotel bars, their offerings all home brews, including several poisonous brands of "whis-

ky." The Communists claim, with apparent truth, to have "re-educated" all prostitutes into other callings—to the extreme discomfort of hot-blooded Cuban delegations. A distressed Frenchman reports that once-bawdy Shanghai has been "almost pasteurized," its palatial *Grand Monde* brothel remodeled into an all-purpose amusement center in which ten operas are performed, simultaneously, in ten separate theaters.

"I often wondered how there could be a population problem," says French TV-man Werther. "One can see a boy and a girl walking side by side, but rarely arm in arm and never hand in hand." Some tourists can't even tell the boys from the girls: both sexes wear manish haircuts and high-necked coveralls. One Pakistani visitor reports that bosoms are being "ruthlessly suppressed" to de-emphasize sex. Complains Werther: "I saw a woman's leg only twice. Nothing but pants."

Current Attractions. Propaganda, now directed almost as much against Russia as the West, is a constant nagging companion. Pamphlets in every major language are strategically placed in every hotel; from glass boxes on the streets stare the pictures and life stories of the latest Communist Heroes and Model Workers, and giant wall posters admonish the masses to "Meet Production Quotas Ahead of Schedule." Moviegoers see almost nothing but Chinese films, heavily propagandized. And China's ancient, superbly gaudy folk opera has been turned into the hardest of all Communist Party sells. Sample playbills during one recent Peking opera week:

People's Theater: *Busybody Li*, the story of an overreager woman on a commune.

People's Art Theater: *After the Bumper Harvest*.

Labor Theater: *Sentry Under the Neon Lights*, the story of how the "Good Eight Company" stood firm against the temptations of big city life in evil, immoral old Shanghai.

MONACO

Big Deal on Casino Street

The job took only three minutes. At 10:30 a.m., a tiny grey Citroën delivery truck double-parked in front of Clerc's jewelry shop, on the Place du Casino across from Monte Carlo's tourist-draped Hôtel de Paris. Three men in smocks, mountaineer hoods and submachine guns jumped out; one took station at the door. Inside the store, the smaller hood yanked the telephone wire and smacked an employee while the larger hood snapped a burst of bullets through the window of a display case.

As alarm bells rang, the two men coolly laid a stream of gems into a black bag. "They heard the signal go off," said the shop's manager later, "but they didn't lose their *sang-froid*. They took only diamonds, emeralds and really precious necklaces. They chose well."

When a cop turned up, another of the gunmen cut him down with two shots. An onlooker intervened to help the wounded policeman, and one of the hoods said: "*Fous le camp* (Buzz off)." He did, and they did too. Several hours later, police found the stolen Citroën. In it were two Tommy guns, five pistols, two lead pipes, a grenade, and a lingering air of smug satisfaction.

Clerc clerks stayed up most of the night taking inventory of the stolen jewels—a task that was becoming routine, since this was the fourth time in a decade that the store had been hit. This time, though, the take was more than \$2,000,000. That made the Monte Carlo jewel robbery the biggest ever pulled off in Europe. But the thieves would probably clear no more than \$300,000 after breaking up the gems and paying commissions to middlemen. In Europe as elsewhere, good fences rarely make good neighbors.

* In background: stone sculptures guarding tomb of Yo Fei, general of the 12th century Sung Dynasty.



FOREIGN MINISTERS IN WASHINGTON

"Is there any one of us who can say with assurance, 'It cannot be my country tomorrow?'"

THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

"Stop, & Stop Now!"

The Organization of American States had rarely heard Secretary of State Dean Rusk speak in such urgent tones. "Today," he told the assembled foreign ministers in Washington, "it is Venezuela which is under attack. Is there any one of us who can say with assurance, 'It cannot be my country tomorrow?' So let us say to the Castro regime: 'Your interference in the affairs of other countries in this hemisphere must stop, and stop now!'"

Last week, the OAS issued precisely that warning. By a vote of 15 to 4 (Mexico, Chile, Uruguay and Bolivia voting against), the foreign ministers approved mandatory diplomatic and economic sanctions against Communist Cuba and passed a crucial resolution defining any future Castro subversion as outright "aggression." Henceforth, under the Inter-American Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance, no OAS member nation may maintain diplomatic relations with Cuba. All trade between Cuba and OAS members is banned, with the exception of basic foodstuffs and medicine. And any hemisphere nation that is threatened by Castro subversion is free to take up arms in self-defense against Cuba while summoning the other OAS states to come to its assistance.

Behind the Scenes. It was tough talk, and it wrote an end to a long, often exasperating campaign that has stretched over five years and five separate conferences. Latin Americans have been well aware of Castroite subversion and gun running. Yet if given a choice, they looked the other way, talked interminably about non-intervention, and administered only the mildest of wrist-slaps. This time, Cuba's Communists had been caught red-handed: a three-ton terrorist arms cache uncovered on a Venezuelan beach and traced directly to Cuban arsenals. The angry Venezuelans demanded strong action. The U.S. worked quietly behind the scenes to see that they got it.

Even so, it took weeks of patient negotiations to line up the required two-thirds majority to impose sanctions.

Central American and Caribbean nations, those directly in Cuba's line of fire, were firmly for spiking Castro's guns once and for all. As expected, the unswitchable holdouts were the four countries still maintaining at least minimal economic and diplomatic relations with Cuba—Bolivia, Chile, Mexico and Uruguay.

Of them all, Mexico was the most adamant in its stand against sanctions and the most determined to vote against—even when 5,000 Cuban exiles staged a march down Washington's Constitution Avenue, shouting, chanting and waving placards ("OAS! Alert! Alert!" "Stop Playing with Cuban Blood"). Though the Mexicans have no love for Castro, Mexico is fiercely independent of anything that hints of U.S. pressure. Not only did Mexico refuse to give in, it even wangled an important concession: the Havana-Mexico City air route will remain open. "It exists mainly for humanitarian purposes," said Delegate Vicente Sánchez Gavito. "It is a way out of Cuba." Uruguay opposed a break for the same reason—to maintain its Havana embassy where some two dozen anti-Castro Cubans are currently in asylum. Chile's problem was its nip-and-tuck September 4 presidential election: a vote for sanctions might hand the presidency to a far leftist. As for Bolivia, President Víctor Paz Estenssoro has been winning his fight against his country's far leftists, but still did not feel strong enough to go along with the majority.

"Even on the Moon." When to sever relations, and how to police the trade embargo, were left up to each individual nation. It may be months before the four get around to giving Castro's diplomats their walking papers. Chile certainly will do nothing before the September elections; the Mexicans may refuse altogether. Nevertheless, the decisive vote was the first strong, clear action the OAS has ever taken on Cuba, and it is bound to do Castro incalculable harm around the hemisphere.

The bearded revolutionary obviously recognizes that fact, and all through the OAS meetings he did his best to soften the blow. For weeks a felicitous Fidel has been humming a sweet rec-

oniliation tune to the U.S. Last week his violent little brother Raúl, boss of Cuba's armed forces, joined the chorus. Speaking to several U.S. newsmen invited over to view the July 26 celebrations, Raúl crooned that Cuba was ready to sit down and talk with the U.S. "anywhere, any time—even on the moon."

In the eastern city of Santiago, where Castro started his revolution, the visiting newsmen were treated to the kind of is-everybody-happy circus that Communists specialize in. Though the Cuban economy goes from bad to worse (this year's sugar crop may not equal last year's 3,800,000 tons, only half the pre-Castro harvest), Santiago restaurants were filled with food; bands played, and carnival crowds were on parade. In high good humor, Castro drove through the streets, chatted with local officials, even sidearmed a few baseballs to two of the reporters in a local stadium.

This week some 300,000 Cubans will obediently pledge allegiance to Cuba's Communist dictator. But that will be small gain now that he stands condemned as an aggressor and on strict notice to keep his revolution at home.

ARGENTINA

Mocking the Turtle

"Don't dust off that statue!" went the cartoon in an Argentine magazine. "That's the President himself!" Bitter jokes are beginning to revolve around President Arturo Illia, 63, the gentle country doctor who took office nine months ago. Illia's prescription was to sit back and hope that the rich land of wheat and beef would heal itself after 18 months of frenetic military rule. In the beginning most Argentines heartily agreed. Now, it seems, nothing is not enough.

Business for Cambios. Government statistics are months behind, and are politically doctored to boot. Respected private economists, from whom Argentines often get their information, are alarmed at the way much of the economy is being allowed to deteriorate. Inflation is zooming in the country; the cost of living is up 25.6% in 1964, 5.1% last month. Unchecked bureaucratic

featherbedding and other government spending is expected to leave the treasury with a gargantuan \$800 million debt by the end of the year, highest in Argentine history. The official peso rate is still 138 to the dollar, but only because of heavy government support; Buenos Aires black market *cambios* are doing a thriving business at 175 to the dollar.

Oil is ill, too. Shortly after his election, Illia annulled the contracts of 13 private companies (mostly U.S.), and since then the companies have cut back production while lawyers argue the case in court. Oil supplies have been maintained by uncapping state-owned reserve wells, and some experts predict that Argentina will be forced to import oil before December. The beef industry is worse off. With herds decimated by two years of drought, cattlemen are holding back stock, hoping to rebuild. Monday and Tuesday have been declared meatless days, and Argentines have been faced with the ignominy of importing beef from neighboring Uruguay for the first time ever.

Looking for Leadership. In answer to all this, Illia remains placidly in his Casa Rosada office, seeing all who come to call, but issuing few orders. As head of a government that includes everyone from right to left, he remains the one possible unifying figure, but he does little to fulfill the role. His opposition is beginning to score by labeling his regime the government of the turtle; one group recently released 200 tortoises in downtown Buenos Aires with the slogan **LONG LIVE THE GOVERNMENT ON THEIR BACKS**. Illia's response to that was: "Turtle? Fine. Slow but sure." He did not say whether he remembered that turtles have a way of ending up in the soup.

TRANSPORTATION

Lifeline in the Air

Highways and railroads are primary lifelines in most parts of the world. But in the jungles and towering mountains of Latin America, the highways are few, and millions of people have never seen a railroad. The ties that bind are the air lanes. In Santiago, Chile, last week, 30 Latin American and U.S. aviation officials, including FAA Head Najeeb Halaby and CAB Chief Alan Boyd, gathered for a five-day discussion of ways to strengthen Latin America's aerial lifeline. Out of the meeting came an astonishing picture of aviation in a developing continent of only 220 million people.

Last year no fewer than 19 foreign and 66 scheduled domestic airlines were serving Latin America, one of the greatest proliferations of aviation service anywhere in the world. All told, the lines traveled some 5 billion passenger-miles, carried over 94 million ton-miles of cargo, and could point to some impressive traffic growth: 175% in the past ten years, v. 117% for the rest of the world. Argentina, Chile and Colombia have all more than tripled their passenger traffic since 1954; Uruguay is up almost

400%, while Brazil ranks third in the free world (after the U.S. and Canada) in the number of daily domestic flights. In the U.S., Eastern Air Lines' low-cost Boston-New York-Washington shuttle was considered a remarkable innovation when it was started in 1961. The Brazilians have been doing it since 1959, with three airlines shuttling between Rio and São Paulo at the rate of one flight every 20 minutes during rush hours.

Wing & a Prayer. Latin Americans have been air-minded almost from the first days of flight. The airplane smoothed over the continent's fractured geography, knitted together its scattered populations and—most important of all—proved a far cheaper means of transport than building highways or laying track. In 1919, Chile was the first country outside the U.S. to launch an airmail service; one year later, Colombia licensed the first commercial airline this side of the Atlantic; in 1934, Brazil established the first transatlantic air route with Germany—five years before Pan American connected the U.S. with Europe.

"In those days, we knew when the departure was, but the return was always uncertain," recalls Arturo Costa, a retired pilot with Uruguay's Pluna Airline. "Sometimes we had to leave the copilot behind to make room for an extra passenger." The flying is still often on a wing and a prayer. A few Latin American airlines have jets and turboprops. But most of them make do with aged DC-3s and hand-me-down DC-6s and Constellations, rigged to haul everything from cattle to *campesino* settlers on colonization projects.

Five times a week, Aerolineas Argentinas braves gale-force winds—often 70 m.p.h.—to deliver passengers and cargo to Ushuaia, the world's southernmost city, on the tip of the continent. More fearsome are the 20,000-ft. Andes, stretching the length of Latin America.

On the 30-minute hop from La Paz to one remote mountain town, pilots of Bolivia's Lloyd Aéreo line regularly thread their way through clouded-in peaks with the copilot calling out seconds on his trusty wristwatch. And then, there are the airports. More than 80% of Latin America's 1,085 airports lack permanent night landing lights; some 75% have no control towers, radios or paved runways; and only five fields on the entire continent boast a complete instrument-landing system.

The Coming Market. Under the Alliance for Progress, the U.S. has given Latin American nations some \$85 million to improve airports and navigational facilities. The way things are growing, many more millions will be needed. At last week's Santiago meeting, the experts recommended the preparation of more and better statistics on Latin American passenger and cargo traffic, a bigger push for tourists and a stronger bid for more *Alianza* funds.

Douglas and Boeing, the two big U.S. jetmakers, regard Latin America as one of the biggest potential markets anywhere. Both have sales teams touring Latin America making a hard pitch for their new DC-9 and 727 medium-to-short-range jets. Last month Boeing sent one of its three-engined 727s to strut its stuff on a 14-day tour of five South American countries. It was the first jet ever to land at La Paz (elevation: 13,358 ft.). As bowler-hatted Indian women gaped at the sight, the silvery 727 howled down the runway and took off—using only two of its three engines. No less impressed were the Peruvians, chief among them President Fernando Belaunde Terry, an amateur pilot with considerable time in light planes. Flying out from Lima for a demonstration ride over the Andes, Belaunde was soon in the cockpit and edging into the copilot's seat to see for himself how the big jet handled.



BOEING 727 ON LA PAZ RUNWAY
Knitting fractured geography and scattered peoples.

PEOPLE

Springtime, and lunch at a restaurant in the Bois de Boulogne—who could resist the combination? Certainly not **Maria Meneghini Callas**, 40, or maybe it was Metropolitan Opera Manager **Rudolf Bing**, 62, who proved only human after all. At any rate, the two kissed and made up in Paris in June, and *La Divina* will return to the Met for *Tosca* next year, her first New York appearance since Bing fired her for breaking an engagement in 1958.

It was a fine day for the races, though most folks his age might prefer that old rocking chair, and so **Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons**, who retired as a trainer last year, bustled off to New Jersey's Monmouth Park to hear the crowd roar "Happy Birthday" and share his 90th cake with 20 great-grandchildren. "It's a lucky thing I had the horse bug," confided the man who trained Gallant Fox and Omaha, Nashua and Bold Ruler, recalling the days when his mother-in-law wanted him to work as a street-car conductor. "I was sending home more money from the tracks than I could have made on the trolley, but there's not another damn thing I could have done."

Sweetness and light were her stock in trade as Walt Disney's Pollyanna, but now that she's turned 18, Britain's **Hayley Mills** has become sweet lightning. Rising like the seasoned trouper she is from a 103° sickbed to prance in the chorus line at a London benefit, the



CHORINE MILLS
From Disneyland, with bumps.

"glad" girl shook a dazzling pair of legs and uncorked some un-Disneyfied bumps and grinds. In a separate bit, she vanished into a box as a magician's assistant, but demonstrated conclusively that she is one child star who won't need to pull a disappearing act when she gets to be 21.

To paraphrase the grammar school boff, what are they going to eat in the House of Lords? They won't be able to eat the Sandwiches there any more, because the tenth earl and great-great-great-grandnephew of the 18th century titleholder who invented layered lunch has renounced his lordship, like other Tory leaders. He will seek election to the House of Commons as just plain **Alexander Victor Edward Paulet Montagu**, 58.

They say that the recipe for a Hungarian omelet begins, "First, you steal a dozen eggs," and when **Marlene Dietrich** came on to sing at the Cannes Palm Beach Casino, the world's most professional Hungarian was sitting at a ringside table with her photographer. The world's sexiest sexagenarian had on a skin-tight, flesh-colored gown so diaphanous that her contract forbade pictures during the performance, but as **Zsa Zsa Gabor** told it, "My cameraman was so overcome by Marlene's beauty that he asked if I thought she would mind being photographed. I told him to carry on." After the show, when it developed that Marlene did mind, Zsa Zsa was forced to yield the film. "All right, we'll give it to you," ran her stormy response. "What do you think he could do with it? He couldn't sell it for a pengő." Nem?

Clark Kent could have slipped into Peru peaceably enough, but as **Superman** he'd have had to make like a bird. The Education Ministry banned him and 14 other comics because "their illogical and immoral actions contribute to unsettle children's imagination." Fortunately, Lima beansprouts love him almost as much as does Metropolis. Protests mushroomed, and the prestigious *El Correo* thundered, "Is this the first step toward censorship of the press?" It was, for sure, and two days later the ministry back-stepped faster than a herd of crooks downed by a superspook.

Three devoted fans would be thinking of her at curtain time, read the telegram, and it was signed "Mother, Daddy and Lynda." But they needn't have worried. For each of her two drawing but nonchalant narrations of Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf* at Michigan's Interlochen Music Camp, **Luci Baines Johnson**, 17, drew three curtain calls when she performed with Pianist **Van Cliburn**, 30, who conducted the camp's 150-member student orchestra. What-

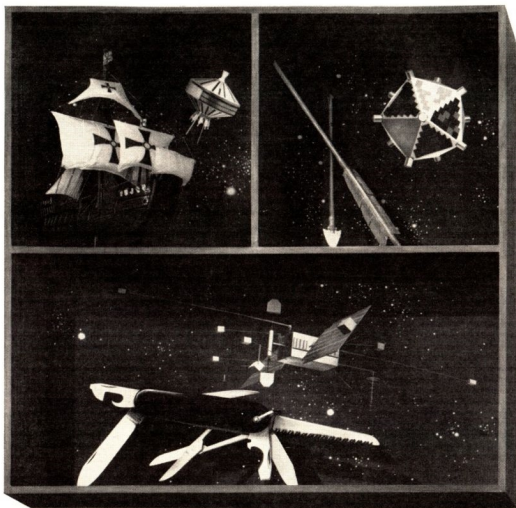


JOHNSON & CLIBURN
To Russia, with curtain calls.

ever criticism Luci Baines is going to get (and under the circumstances, it will scarcely be fanged), will come when her version of the Russian fairy tale is beamed back whence it came, via the Voice of America.

The Old Indian was one of history's great athletes, excelling at football, pentathlon, decathlon, golf, bowling, hockey, lacrosse, swimming, rifle, squash, handball and horsemanship. So when he died in 1953, the Pennsylvania coal town of Mauch Chunk (pop. 5,915), not far from Carlisle, where he went to college, welcomed his corpse with a \$10,500 mausoleum, and renamed itself **Jim Thorpe, Pa.**, in his honor. The town fathers figured he would be a great tourist draw. But disillusionment has set in, and John H. Otto, chairman of the County Water and Sewer Authority, is now leading a campaign to change the town's name back again: "You mention you're from Jim Thorpe, and nobody knows what you're talking about."

Ill lay: Britain's Prince Charles, 15, at an Aberdeen nursing home with a mild case of pneumonia caught while camping out with fellow Gordonstouners on the grounds of the family's Balmoral Castle; California Governor **Pat Brown**, 59, at his Sacramento mansion with a fibula fractured by stepping in a hole at a golf course, an accident that will keep him on crutches for six weeks ("But he wouldn't miss the Democratic Convention," said an aide, "if he had to crawl"); Oldtime Cinecomedian **Stan Laurel**, 74, at Los Angeles' Valley Doctors Hospital, where he has been receiving hundreds of letters from his ever-faithful fans while undergoing treatment for chronic diabetes.



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ART

ARCHITECTURE

Superhighway Church

In a secular age, long removed from the centuries that built the great cathedrals, a church still remains a profound creative challenge for an architect; clergy and congregations are among the most open-minded of clients. Yet they do not often concede the degree of freedom given to Italian Architect Giovanni Michelucci, 73, in his new Church of St. John the Baptist. His client was the governmental superhighway authority (modeled on the New York Port Authority) that built the Autostrada del Sole from Milan to Naples. It wanted a memorial to dead highway-builders, and put no limitations of time, size, form or budget on Architect Michelucci.

The church stands strangely inside a clover leaf of the expressway near Florence, and serves as a spiritual halfway house for travelers. "The general form is that of a tent," explains Michelucci, who designed its swayed-back curves with architectural as well as spiritual freedom in mind. He spent hours daily on the job, changing details in concrete and carpentry.

St. John's takes an informal stance in its structure. The main altar faces across the narrowest part of the nave toward an upper chapel, so that in effect the nave's long dimension becomes a transept, terminated east and west by smaller altars. Architect Michelucci has also departed from custom by enfolding the narthex, or entrance portico, in a gentle cloister; the church swallows its own entrance. The whole is asymmetrical, forcing the worshiper into the relaxed mood Michelucci wanted. As he says, "This church is a little city in which men should meet and recognize in each other the common hope of finding each other again."

PAINTING

Bright Orpheus

In his long lifetime, Frank Kupka moved from painting Pre-Raphaelite madonnas, dress designing, and drawing anarchistic caricatures to luminous cauldrons of color (see opposite page); at the 1904 St. Louis World's Fair, he won a gold medal with a straightforward painting of two horses ridden by naked girls on a beach. That, and learned footnotes in art history books, have been the sum of his recognition until now. But two new shows in Paris, one by Dealer Louis Carré, who years ago bought scads of the artist's works for peanuts, and another by the Galerie Karl Flinker, reveal that Kupka thought through and defined abstractionism as early as anyone.

The Sound of Color. Kupka was 40 before he produced his first abstract paintings called *Nocturne*, *Fugue in Red and Blue*, and *Warm Chromatic*. Born in 1871 to a Bohemian village clerk in what is now Czechoslovakia, he began drawing statues in the town square, entered art school in Prague at the age of 16. He delighted in the new philosophies of Nietzsche and Schopenhauer, who exalted unconscious will and intuition over reason. He was entranced by their thought that music is the most abstract and therefore highest art—and decided to challenge it in paint.

As years passed, color rang in his work like chimes. His palette brightened past the impressionists, past the Fauves. Kupka frequently visited Chartres Cathedral, where he sat hour on hour soaking in the rainbow radiance of its stained-glass windows. He studied Newtonian color theory, and like Kandinsky, who was five years his senior, he quit coloring nature and began illustrating the nature of color. He wanted anything, he

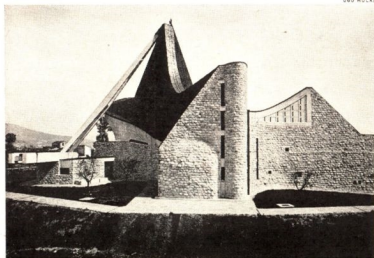
wrote, but "the postcard photograph."

In 1913, Kupka gave his manifesto to a New York Times correspondent. "I have come to believe," said he, "that it is not really the object of art to reproduce a subject photographically. Music is an art of sounds that are not in nature and almost entirely created. Man created writings, the airplane and the locomotive. Why may he not create in painting independently of the forms and colors of the world about him? The public certainly needs to add the action of the optic nerve to those of the olfactory, acoustic and sensory ones. I am still groping in the dark, but I believe I can produce a figure in colors as Bach has done in music."

Bouncier than Bach. That poetic abriter of artistic taste, Apollinaire, promptly dubbed Kupka's work "Orphism," and paired him with the French colorist Robert Delaunay. Although he rejected the association, Kupka churned out whorls of saturated color, dazzling fingerprints of the spectrum. With his paintpots, he set cubism on fire.

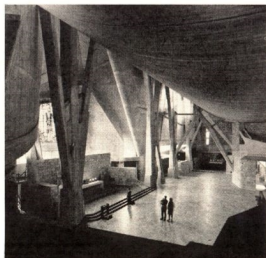
World War I put an end to Kupka's optimistic colors. He fought in the French army, later returned to help establish independent Czechoslovakia. After the war, like Léger and the Dadaists, he painted imaginary machines in a commentary on dehumanized mankind. He did a series called *Hot Jazz*, trying to make his lyrical art more bouncy than Bach, but the verve of his youth seemed gone.

Orpheus had apparently looked backward. Kupka's reputation became that of a faceless pioneer, and he seemed not to care. Shortly before his death seven years ago, Kupka received a visit from the Museum of Modern Art's Alfred Barr Jr., who bought a batch of gouaches. "You have to thank her," said Kupka, pointing to his wife. "Without her, all of this would have been burned." Barr turned to Madame Kupka and kissed her.



MICHELUCCI'S ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

A halfway house for the spirit.



MAIN ALTAR

FRANK KUPKA: Early Abstractionist



THE FAIR (1921) breaks figures into cinematic color chords to capture the rush of pleasure-bound mob. Seeking

the secret of movement, Kupka alternately photographed and painted the same model, using a motion-picture camera.

GALERIE LOUIS CARRE

ROYAL MARKS GALLERY



AZURE SPACE (1911-12), tinged with green and violet, whirls viewer through deep blue depths of

the cosmos. It is one of first attempts at pure abstract painting, but recognition for it came slowly.



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THE QUALITY MARK
TO LOOK FOR

Libbey-Owens-Ford TOLEDO, OHIO

EDUCATION

COLLEGES

A Way to Finish Earlier

In September a group of high school graduates entering American University will come on campus in Washington, D.C., with a third of their college work already behind them. Getting these credits required just two days—the time it took to undergo a new series of tests that make it possible, for those who score satisfactorily, to save as much as two years of campus time and thousands in tuition and living costs.

Advanced Standing. College equivalency tests were first tried in 1943 by the U.S. armed forces, but they were never widely used and as the years passed they became obsolete. In 1961 Princeton's Educational Testing Service set out anew to devise a test designed for students who were entering college for the first time.

E.T.S. is the author of the familiar College Board tests and the somewhat less familiar Advanced Placement Examinations, which let able high school students skip certain required freshman courses. An advanced placement student still has to earn all of his credit hours for graduation on campus, which means that he has to work harder than his fellows. Now E.T.S. has worked out an exam that tests knowledge and achievement gained in modern, college-like high schools (or any other way) and determines its worth in terms of credit hours. The examination is based on nationwide tests of 2,600 students completing the second year of college in 1963 and 1964.

The questions, all multiple-choice, are aimed at ferreting out how well the student has assimilated a broad spectrum of knowledge. One question from the sample testing asked the student to identify a quotation "In a flash it came upon me that there was a reason for advancing poverty with advancing wealth . . ." as coming from John Jacob Astor, William Jennings Bryan, Thorstein Veblen, Lincoln Steffens or Henry George. The answer is Henry George, and research showed that more than half the students in the top one-fifth of those taking the test got it right, compared with only 8% of those in the bottom one-fifth.

Defining the Line. E.T.S. still has not publicly offered the test for general use, and American University heard about it only by an informal contact. In mailing out 1,000 acceptances for admission this spring, the university casually and undramatically offered "to recognize the achievements of well-prepared students" by giving them a chance to take the test for credit. Only 96 were sufficiently sharp-eyed to see the opportunity. American University will give as many as 39 undergraduate credit hours in English composition, history, social sciences, humanities, mathematics, and

physical sciences, leaving only 82 more credit hours (two full years of study) to get a B.A.

Too few college administrators have yet heard of the tests to make the idea an open target for criticism. Some teachers are sure to say that construing education so narrowly as a matter of credits is to miss the point of the college experience. But the new test is only part of the continuing process of defining the line between colleges and ever-better high schools, and major curriculum changes are bound to take place. Some colleges will drop certain courses because they will find that freshmen are showing significantly higher levels of preparation than had been realized. Others will put more muscle into ad-

vising film production by making a 7½-minute documentary called *The Rise and Fall of the American Breast*—"a serious critique of America's fetish about female bosoms." Stanford is also giving eight-week crash courses in Chinese and Japanese, in which students are required to converse, eat and drink in the style of the language they are studying—or at least try. "I'm going to *hwei-jya*, change my *yi-shang*, jump in my *chi-che* and pick up my *syau-iy* for the *dyan-ying*," said a beginner in Chinese. ("I'm going back to my house, change my clothes, jump in my car and pick up my girl friend for the movies.")

Radeliffe is teaching a "Publishing Procedures" course to 43 men and 13 women, who hear authors and editors, and learn, in the words of a girl who took the course last year, that "the purloins of publishing contain powerful



U.C.L.A. DESERT DIGGERS IN UTAH
Also, beetle recordings, Berber and bosom research.

mission standards in particular fields.

E.T.S.'s Dr. K. Patricia Cross, head of the project, feels that one result of the Comprehensive College Tests will be a gradual de-emphasis on credit hours as a way of measuring knowledge. "Europeans measure knowledge in terms of what the student knows," she says. "This will offer a new flexibility for the student who can demonstrate that he has knowledge by giving him credit regardless of how he got it."

Summer Scholars

Across the U.S., summer schools were buzzing like clover patches. Gone is the concept of the summer-camp campus, peopled by bored schoolteachers and hostile flunkies; in their place are ambitious students who are turning the *dolce far niente* of the hot months into a time of busy—and sometimes oddball—learning.

Out in the Arizona desert, University of Maryland Senior Eileen Van Tassell is using \$2,000 worth of transistorized tape-recording equipment to eavesdrop on water beetles and classify their sounds. At Stanford Arthur Bleich, 27,

people for whom English is a vestigial appendage." Students at Syracuse University are working with Painter Kenneth Callahan on a mural for a new dormitory, are painting smaller murals of their own. Says Thomas E. Black, 27, a painting major: "Being together and talking together is a kind of rubbing-off process; he comes in here and I'm working here. I go in there, and he's working there."

At U.C.L.A., a class is taking the nation's only college course in Berber. In a symposium offered by the University of Minnesota, Tennessee Williams and Actor Douglas Campbell are lecturing drama students aboard the university's air-conditioned showboat afloat on the Mississippi. And in the desert of southwestern Utah, 74 U.C.L.A. anthropology students and their professor are poking about the remnants of Pueblo villages and digging in mounds for arrowheads, bones and pottery. Edith Sanders, 17, from Beverly Hills, admits that she signed for Anthrop. 197 on a whim, but now she is enjoying it. "It's just fascinating to think that I am handling things that are 900 years old," she says.

SPORT

AUTO RACING

Zinging in the Rain

Some people race because they feel that they can make easy money at it. Others race because it is the "done thing," or because it might make them more attractive to girls. With me, the motive is curiosity.

Jimmy Clark's curiosity takes an awful lot of satisfying. At 28, he is the youngest Grand Prix champion in history, and his income runs to \$140,000 a year. Yet there he was last week, seeing how fast he could drive an untested car on a rain-drenched track out-

Lorenzo Bandini hit a puddle, skidded and lost control; trying to dodge his wildly spinning Ferrari, four other racers piled up. Still another ran off the track and wrapped his car around a pole; a seventh scattered the hay bales on a bend. Miraculously, none of the drivers was seriously injured.

Clark escaped mostly because his car was too slow. Driving a new model Lotus-Climax that had been wrecked last April and practically rebuilt from scratch, Jimmy was having engine trouble, was running on only seven cylinders. After four sputtering laps, a mechanic waved a message board that

faster Ferrari, waiting for opportunity to knock again. None came, so Clark made his own—with an astonishing maneuver that only a handful of drivers would dare attempt: he simply slid around Surtees on the outside of a hair-pin turn.

Surtees, brilliant in his own right, could only watch in awe. At the finish, Clark was 10.4 sec. ahead. Face streaked with mud, he stood stiffly at attention for *God Save the Queen*, and then dived into a car to escape hordes of autograph hunters. "This post-race hullabaloo really kills me," he said. "My stomach gets all knotted up."

GOLF

With the Help of St. Jude

Things have come to a pretty pass when betting on golf gets as risky as betting on horses. It used to be that all anyone had to do was book both Arnie Palmer and Jack Nicklaus to win the big tournaments; one or the other almost always did. Not this year, though. Palmer won the Masters. But who could have figured Ken Venturi to win the U.S. Open? Or Tony Lema to rattle off four victories in six weeks, including the British Open? Or Bobby Nichols to beat them all in the Professional Golfers Association championship?

If ever a tournament looked like a lock for the Big Two, it was the P.G.A. It is the only major title Palmer has never won, and he took a week's holiday just to work himself up to proper pitch. Nicklaus was the defending champion, and he figured to know the Columbus (Ohio) Country Club like the back of his chubby hand—being as how he has lived most of his 24 years in Columbus.

Long on Trash. Nichols, 28, didn't figure at all. He was lucky to be alive, let alone playing golf. A onetime caddy from Louisville, he was nearly killed in 1952 when a car in which he was riding went off the road at 107 m.p.h., putting him in the hospital for 96 days with a broken pelvis, a spine injury, a concussion and assorted internal injuries. That ruled out such sports as football and basketball. But he could still play golf, and after college he turned pro, with so-so results; in five years, he won three tournaments, created his biggest splash in 1962 when he wound up third behind Nicklaus and Palmer in the U.S. Open.

A husky six-footer who hits one of the game's longest balls (he once won a driving contest with measured drives of 347, 352 and 367 yds.), Nichols is known as a "trash player," a scrambler, who sprays his shots like a 20-hammercap, plays best when he is in deepest trouble. Last week he outdid himself. On the first round, he drove into the rough four times—and each time got a birdie, with miraculous recoveries, for a six-under-par 64, the lowest score ever shot in a P.G.A. championship. A second-day 71 was



CLARK (LEFT) AT START IN GERMANY
After an awesome finish, "God Save the Queen."

side Stuttgart, Germany—in something called the Solitude Grand Prix. The prize was far from grand—no championship points, no money to speak of (winner's purse: \$1,500)—but Scotland's Clark still turned the afternoon into a breath-taking demonstration of his driving genius.

Drops Like Dimes. Even when it is dry, the 7.1-mile Solitude course is one of Europe's hairiest: the road twists through four tortuous hairpins, uncurling finally into a long "straightaway" that is an assortment of dips, hills and fast curves that are taken at upwards of 150 m.p.h. But last week Solitude was downright dangerous. A cloudburst turned the asphalt slick as ice; and it was still pouring dime-sized drops when 18 Formula 1 cars roared away from the grid, roostertails of spray streaming in their wake.

Within seconds, the field was cut by more than one-third, and \$140,000 worth of machinery was reduced mostly to junk. On the long straight, Italy's

read "Surt —20." With 16 laps to go, Ferrari's John Surtees already had a 20-sec. lead.

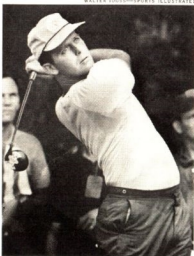
In Full Lock. It seemed hopeless. But now the Lotus was firing on all eight cylinders, and Clark was zinging flat out down the slippery track as if the championship depended on it, touching 155 m.p.h. on the straight. Power-sliding through one glassy corner in full opposite lock (with the front wheels turned against the direction of the turn), Clark nonchalantly flashed a thumb-up victory sign to a friend on the infield grass. "My God," breathed a mechanic in the Lotus pit as Clark cut huge chunks out of Surtees' lead: 5 sec. on the fifth lap, 7 sec. on the sixth.

By the ninth lap, Clark was only a car length behind. Seconds later, he had the lead. The rain had stopped and the track was drying now. Surtees wrung a few more r.p.m. from his Ferrari, bypassed Clark and opened a 3-sec. gap. Unable to beat Surtees on the straights, Clark fell in behind the

good enough to keep him out front, one stroke ahead of Palmer. Then came the third round, and not even Nichols was prepared for what happened.

Carbon Copy. Teeing off at the start, he pulled his drive into rough, hit his second shot into a trap, somehow blasted out to within 10 ft. of the pin for a par four. The second hole was practically a carbon copy of the first: his drive landed behind a tree, his second shot found a trap—and he still got a par. On and on he went, playing as if he had taken lessons from Rube Goldberg—straying down an adjoining fairway on the eighth, bouncing his ball off a tree on the 15th, dumping his drive into loose sod on the 16th. Scores: two pars and a birdie. On the par-three 17th hole, Nichols “squirrelled” his No. 2 iron tee shot off to his right and overhit his wedge recovery. So what happened? The ball hit the top of the pin and dropped dead 1½ ft. from the hole. Dazed, Bobby added up his day’s score—a one-under 69—and headed for a press conference. “Fellows,” he sighed, “you’ll never believe this, but . . .”

Still a stroke behind at the start of the final round, Arnold Palmer shot a 69 that was good, but not nearly good enough. Nicklaus matched Nichols’ first-round record with a magnificent 64. But that only got him a 274, and a tie with Palmer for second place. Nichols had his game under control now. He only hit one tree in 18 holes, sank putts of 15, 18, 35 and 51 ft. for a three-under 67 and a 72-hole total of 271. “All week long, I’ve been praying to St. Jude, the patron saint of hopeless causes,” said Nichols, whose previous earnings on the tour this year amounted to \$15,745. The victory was worth \$18,000, plus another \$22,500 in bonuses. It also gave Nichols a shot (along with Palmer, Venturi and Lema) at the biggest bonanza of all: the \$50,000 first prize in September’s World Series of Golf at Akron, Ohio.



WINNER NICHOLS
Lessons from Rube.

BASEBALL

The One Small Difference

Take a world championship baseball team. Subtract one starting pitcher. Substitute a .270 hitter for a .330 hitter. Drop some flies, fumble some grounders, miss some bunts, leave runners all over the bases. What you have then is the Los Angeles Dodgers, best seventh-place team in baseball.

The 1964 Dodgers may well go down in history as one of the game’s enduring mysteries. On paper, they are practically the same club that won the National League pennant last year and swept four straight from the New York Yankees in the World Series. Sandy Koufax is still the slickest pitcher around, and Don Drysdale may be the runner-up; between them, they have already won 27 games this year. Shortstop Maury Wills is the same electrifying base runner who stole a record 104 bases in 1962 (he has 31 so far). Catcher John Roseboro, whose lifetime average is .240, was batting .310 before he cut a finger on a foul tip. But still the Dodgers lose: two straight to the sixth-place Chicago Cubs last week, two out of four to the ninth-place Houston Colts. Then those hated San Francisco Giants inflicted an 11-3 thrashing, scoring nine runs in one nightmarish inning.

Injuries have hurt, of course. Roseboro will be out of action for a week, and Pitcher Johnny Podres has been idle since May because of a bone chip in his elbow. Outfielder Tommy Davis was hampered early in the season by a shoulder injury—but that scarcely explains how a man who led the National League in batting for two years in a row can be hitting .272 now. Moans Dodger Coach Pete Reiser: “There were at least nine ball games we would have won if Davis could just have hit a long fly.”

Last week Manager Walter Alston watched unhappily while the Dodgers lost 1-0 to the Colts—their 19th loss in 30 one-run games this season. Alston was as baffled as everybody else. “You start with the idea that you score so many runs and allow your opponent to score so many,” he said. “Last year at this time, we had 23 more runs than we had allowed, and we were 11 games ahead in first place. This year we have scored 29 more runs than we have had scored against us. The only difference is that we’re not winning.”

The One Who Beats Them

“I hope you live to be 500, because if anything happens to you, I’ll be the ugliest man in the world.”

Few baseball players get away with talking to their manager like that. But when the player is Mickey Mantle, Yogi Berra will take all the lip he hands out. At 32 Mantle is at least a couple of steps slower than when he broke into the American League 13 seasons ago. He has a chronically weak right shoul-



YANKEE MANTLE
Lip for Yogi.

der and his knees are crosshatched with scars from cartilage operations—the most recent of them last winter. He runs as if he were on stilts, and he winces every time he swings a bat. But Mickey Mantle is still the most valuable player around.

Last week the Yankees were trailing the American League-leading Baltimore Orioles by only .006 points, and the reason, in a word, was Mantle. Mickey’s .323 batting average was the second best in the league. He had hit one out of every five Yankee home runs so far this year (with 19), led the team in R.B.I.s (61) and, naturally, in walks (59). In two crucial games last week, he demonstrated why, in case anybody had forgotten, the Yankees pay him \$100,000 a year. Against the Orioles, Mickey beat out an infield hit, moved to second when Tom Tresh walked and then set sail, aching legs and all, for third. He slid under the tag with a stolen base, dashed to second. When Joe Pepitone singled, both runners scored—and the Yankees beat the Orioles 2-0.

Washington Pitcher Alan Koch was Mantle’s next victim. In the Yankee fifth, with two on, two out, and the Senators leading 3-1, Mantle stepped up to the plate. First base was open, and Koch was in no mood to take unnecessary chances. His first three pitches were off the plate, and Mickey took them all. “You can’t let Mantle beat you,” Koch said. “He’s the wheel. Even with a 3-0 count on Mickey, I didn’t want to let him beat me.” So Koch threw another ball, low and inside. Only Mantle did not take this one. He creamed it 295 ft. to right field for a double that tied up the game. Once more Pepitone followed with a hit—and the Yankees won, 6-3. In the clubhouse, an hour later, poor Koch was still muttering: “You can’t let Mantle beat you.”

MODERN LIVING

FASHION

More's the Pitti

If Paris designers never look back, it may be because they have a feeling something is gaining on them. If something is, it is probably Italian designers, every one of whom is aware that he can make up some yardage only by being even a little more daring than the French.

Suspenders, No Straps. Thus it was naturally Italy's Emilio Pucci, lightweight sportswear champion of the world, who predicted that it would not be long before bikini wearers, dissatisfied with halfway measures and interrupted sunbaths, would drop their modest pretensions along with the tops of their suits. And though the U.S.'s Rudi Gernreich was the first to snatch the idea off the rack and get it on the market (TIME, June 26), the evidence presented at the fall fashion collections in Florence last week showed that the Italians were not prepared to let the U.S. run off with the topless suit honors.

Paraded on the temporary runway

LEONARD-ROSS



MICIA

JOE COLA—N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE



BALDINI



GALITZINE



PUCCI



FORQUET



GLANS

installed in the staid old Pitti Palace, where Florence's fashionmakers stage their shows, bosoms were bared in a multitude of styles and shapes. Some designs were legitimate, some looked more like gags: Micia tore holes that left a knitted overblouse looking like supersized Swiss cheese, showed a G-string bikini beneath to any mouse man enough to peep. Glans left only two prim pockets on an otherwise totally transparent shirt. Veneziani attached five-inch-wide suspenders to the waist of a party skirt and called it an evening gown; Princess Irene Galitzine cut a V that kept going, fore and aft, out of a sleek leopard-printed swimsuit. Baldini decorated a perfectly modest little bathing suit with two prominent painted breasts. And Frederico Forquet untopped them all with a full-length strapless dress that was minus more than straps, leaving the bosom up in the air and out in it.

Coveralls, No Show, But Pucci, who had started it all, was not about to yield the field. First to be bold, last to be undone by fellows who had followed

the leader and left him behind, Pucci could only retreat or fight. In a virtuoso display of fashion theatrics, he chose to do both, for a starter wrapped two pretty Negro mannequins in hoods and long silk burnouses that whipped off, without warning, to show patches of scanty bikinis underneath.

The topless suit? With a shrug and a yawn, Pucci turned gentleman and traitor, offered women wary of fads or of catching a cold, a grand way to cover up. It is a one-piece overall outfit that fastens down the front, has to be stepped into, and is so difficult to get out of that the sun is bound to go down before it does, leaving a beaiful of spectators ogling in the dark.

ORGANIZATIONS

Who Are Those Arabs?

One morning, they were there. Accompanied by close to 50 brass bands, some 500 horses and at least two camels, they swarmed into Manhattan 150,000 strong, occupied 85 hotels and motor inns, added to the traffic jam, monopolized sidewalks, held seven-hour-long parades, and displayed a keen group sense of humor in a thousand hilarious ways, including occasionally entangling innocent natives in loops of invisible thread. They wore red fezzes, red and green floppy harem trousers, and embroidered jackets, and looked like wandering extras from *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh*. They were the respectable and respected members of the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine of North America. In other words, Shriners.

As representatives of an organization forthrightly dedicated to whoopee in a good cause, the Shriners are pranksters by profession, obligation and tradition. Launched over a Manhattan lunch table in 1870 by 13 Masons determined to have more cheer than that earnest, philanthropic brotherhood provided for, the Order of the Shrine is no frivolous minor offshoot but the second highest level of all Masonry. Only 32nd-degree Masons or Knights Templar are eligible—though admittedly their degree can be attained, if a man puts his mind to study, in a matter of months. The Shriners' caste mark, worn proudly if sometimes absurdly, is a maroon felt hat that can conceal but does little else for a shiny bald head.

Manna from Mecca. Why a fez? The most dedicated Shriner is hard put to say. The reason is that the history of the Shrine was invented after its founding, and has been elaborated ever since. The fact seems to be that one of the 13 founders happened to have made a trip to the Middle East just before the historic meeting, and thought the Arabs were quaint and Mecca romantic. And in a country of egalitarians, there is something about titles like "Imperial Potentate" or "Grand Chief Rabbah" that can make any true democrat tingle.

The belated attempt to create a history has "traced" the beginning of the

Down in the front, up in the air and out in the dark.

PHOTO BY N.Y. TIMES



SCIMITAR-WAVING MARCHER

order to A.D. 644, when the Prophet Mohammed's son-in-law, Kalif Alee (whose name be praised!), founded a "vigilance committee" to dole out punishment for crimes not already covered by existing laws. The committee became a select group of noblemen, presumably above reproach and therefore demonstrably better than other men. They evolved elaborate rituals and ceremonies. As luck would have it, a copy of the ritual (in translation) wandered slowly across the vast Near Eastern deserts to America, where it fell, like manna from heaven (Meeca, anyway), into the hands of the first Imperial Potentate, Dr. Walter M. Fleming. For his part, Fleming dropped some of the dogma, amended the purposes to stress "the exercise of charity and the improvement of the mind" rather than "the gaining of all possible power and the purification of base elements from the land," but was careful to hang onto what mattered.

And what mattered were the symbols of exotica that attended the organization, such as the jewel of the order and its Arabic motto, *Kuwat wa Ghadah* (Strength and Fury), and the special intramural greeting, "*Es selamu aleikum*" ("Peace be with you").

Prestige from Rank. Neither strong nor furious, except occasionally with their wives, most Shriners seemed less like noble pranksters than a mobilized cross section of middle-class Americans. They claim an unrestricted membership (though Negroes would be welcome, none have tested the claim, preferring a similar, separate-but-equal Negro Shrine). The organization does include a substantial number of Jews, who are apparently more interested in what one Imperial Potentate called "the opportunity for fun and play and mirth on a truly magnificent scale" than in the Shriners' proud Arabic ancestry.

At week's end, Manhattan had found little cause to grumble about the Shiner



GO-KART SQUADRON IN REVIEW



ATLANTA'S FERRIS WHEEL
Aleikum whoopee!

invasion. The nobles had spent freely on liquor, nightclubs and souvenirs, but had remained the orderly, decent citizens they are back home. In between the public displays of high jinks, the Shriners found time to entertain children in hospitals, mounted an eight-hour display-cum-parade at Shea Stadium, where some 30,000 spectators shelled out \$2 to watch wheeling formations of huge men driving miniature cars and a motorized ferris wheel that dunked its four riders in an oversize tub of soapy water every twelve seconds. More soberly, they jammed into Radio City Music Hall for prayer services, and elected a new leader.

Imperial Potentate Omar Carlyle Brock, 64, an Erie, Pa., businessman and 43-year member of the Masons, took the fearsome honor with due solemnity. He is a zealous worker in the Shrine's child-welfare program, which has built and maintains 17 children's hospitals and has just raised \$10,000,000 to build and staff three specialized institutions for the treatment of burns (the most common of childhood's accidents) in Galveston, Boston, and Cincinnati. He succeeds to an office once held by Actor Harold Lloyd, assumes leadership of more than three-quarters of a million men, currently including Chief Justice Earl Warren, former President Harry S. Truman, Thomas E. Dewey, Irving Berlin, and, quite naturally, Senator Barry Goldwater. Past members include Ty Cobb and Franklin D. Roosevelt; Astronauts L. Gordon Cooper and Virgil Grissom are new recruits. Omar Brock neither smokes nor (unlike his Persian namesake) drinks, has no superstitions, "You learn to live and you learn to die," he says.

As for the Shriners themselves, their fezzes askew and damp with humidity,



CEDAR RAPIDS' CAMEL

their throats hoarse from laughter, by the end of last week they were plumb out of invisible thread as well. But all that was small fish compared to the whale of a time they had.

THE MARKETPLACE

New Products

Every summer manufacturers make it easier and more seductive for a man to go down to the sea and beach again. Some of their newest lures to a life in the midday sun:

► A chaise longue, powered by a small gasoline engine and equipped with polystyrene foam pontoons, will carry a chap out to sea in semisubmerged comfort. Basic cost: \$179.50 at Abercrombie & Fitch.

► If racing is the game, there is the water-bomb Aquakart, a modified fiberglass hydroplane capable of 35 m.p.h. to 50 m.p.h., weighing only 125 lbs. and available for \$745 at Hammacher Schlemmer.

► Fall out of a hydroplane or a chaise longue and what do you do? Inflate an Aqua Aid, worn on the wrist or on the waist in a tiny packet and available to the prudent for only \$4.95. It will float a man in prime condition for several lonely hours.

► One of the simplest outdoor grills ever devised is offered by Hammacher Schlemmer for a mere \$7.95. Folded it looks like a collapsed knapsack, and unfolded like a square wastebasket with a metal rack perched on top. It cooks a steak in six minutes and uses the most plentiful fuel in the land—old newspapers, four sheets to a sirloin.

MUSIC

JAZZ

The Grand Old Man

Cutty and Zutty were there. So were Peanuts, Woody, Yank, Wingy, Red, Pee Wee and Willie the Lion.* Sammy Davis Jr. was supposed to come, but he pleaded "fatigue" at the last minute and didn't show. Just as well; he would have seemed out of place at this reunion of jazz's elder statesmen, come to celebrate one of their own.

They called it "A Salute to Eddie Condon," the famed, feisty guitarist who has reigned for some 25 years as public defender of "old style" Dixieland.

WALTER ORAN



CONDON AT CARNEGIE HALL
A salute from the survivors.

Staged at midnight in Manhattan's Carnegie Hall, the event had all the makings for a Great Moment in jazz history. Bob Crosby and Johnny Mercer came in from the West Coast. Woody Herman and his 16-piece band were bussed up-town between shows at a Times Square jazz emporium. All told, 43 musicians gathered to pay homage, many of them the founding fathers of "hot jazz," rag-time's carefree child born in the back-rooms and basements of Chicago in the mid-1920s.

Out of the Cellar, Trumpeter Wingy Manone got the audience of 1,800 tapping their feet with a blistering *Tailgate Ramble*. Trumpeter Billy Butterfield

* Trombonist Robert ("Cutty") Cutshall; Trumpeters John ("Yank") Lawson, Henry ("Red") Allen, Joseph ("Wingy") Manone; Drummer Arthur ("Zutty") Singleton; Clarinetists Charles ("Pee Wee") Russell, Michael ("Peanuts") Huckle; Bandleader Woodrow ("Woody") Herman; Pianist Willie ("The Lion") Smith.

climaxed in with a sweet and solid delivery of *Singing the Blues*. Crosby led ten enlistees through a lively, give-and-go session of *Royal Garden Blues*. But betwixt and between, *le jazz hot* tended to run lukewarm, and when it was over at 3:20 a.m., the Great Moment had never quite happened. M.C.s Crosby and Mercer did their best to keep the music flowing as freely as the whisky backstage, but the profusion of talent was largely wasted in the confusion of an erratic format.

Condon was the first to insist that Dixieland jazz was worthy of being lifted out of the dingy cellars and onto the concert stage. He helped inspire the whole cult of jazz critics, who could spin out columns on the flittering trumpet solos of Bobby Hackett. To prove his point, in 1942 Condon promoted a highly successful series of jazz "concerts" at Manhattan's Town Hall. During cool jazz's dominance, Condon doggedly ran his own club in Greenwich Village. He organized the bands, promoted Dixieland indefatigably, arranged for the recording sessions.

"Up and Leapin'." At Carnegie Hall, Condon appeared to lead his crusty cronies through some "up and leapin' music." "Eddie's the guy who got us the jobs when we needed them," says Bass Player Bobby Haggart. The Carnegie Hall "salute" was, in fact, a benefit for Condon, 58, who will use the proceeds (\$2,700) to help pay his hospital bills for a recent operation. "The youngest guy at Carnegie's Hole," says Condon, "was the doorman. There are not many young guys around who are interested in playing the old unforgotten jazz. Music has survived some strange invasions but we've done an awfully good job of being relevant for quite a few years. We've raised some hell in our time." As an elder statesman, Condon is probably too gloomy. Fact is that Dixieland music is experiencing something of a renaissance. At debutante balls and bar mitzvahs, on campuses and at country-club dances, Dixieland bands are discoursing anew on an old theme that Eddie Condon kept alive.

Bossa Nova Nova

Most people thought bossa nova was dead, and most were glad to have simply survived the hucksterized flood of bossa nova dances, bossa nova shoes and sweatshirts, boogie bossa nova, soul bossa nova.

But last week a packed audience at San Francisco's Jazz Workshop listened raptly as slim, meek Astrud Gilberto, 24, stood before a microphone and sang *The Girl from Ipanema*, in a voice so soft and introverted that it barely cut the smoke. Behind her, Stan Getz wove wispy fligees on his tenor sax to produce the most infectious "new sound" around—the bossa nova nova.

Eloquent Sermon. It all started a year ago, when the easy charm of bossa nova had been drowned in a din of bongo drums, maracas and raucous studio bands. Getz met with Singer-Guitarist João Gilberto, Brazil's "pope of the bossa nova," and decided to cut one "true" bossa nova album. Gilberto's wife Astrud, who had never sung outside the kitchen before, was enlisted as an afterthought to sing the English lyrics to *The Girl from Ipanema* that João sang in Portuguese. This spring, when it was felt that the odor of the butchered bossa had cleared, the Getz-Gilberto album was quietly released. To the trade's astonishment, the record soared toward the top of the bestseller lists.

Most of the melodies are provided by

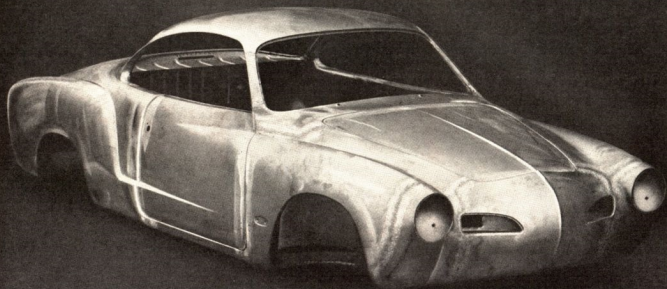
SHEEDY AND LONG



ASTRUD IN SAN FRANCISCO
A fligree from behind.

Antonio Carlos Jobim, Brazil's leading bossa nova composer, who also backs up the lead duo with sensitive piano playing. The result is an eloquent sermon on what the bossa nova was originally all about. The relaxed, almost flat vocal styling of João sounds as if he were whispering in your ear, and it is exquisitely embroidered by the ethereal solos of Getz's lyrical tenor sax.

Six, & Adding. Two months ago, just as João and Getz were about to launch a countrywide tour, João developed a "cramp in his playing arm" and had to bow out. Astrud replaced him and suddenly found herself a star. Astrud is herself a girl from Ipanema, a section of Rio de Janeiro's sparkling beach front, who came to the U.S. two years ago with João. Last week, with the single edition of *The Girl from Ipanema* burning up the teen-age record market, Astrud Gilberto was trying to get used to her new billing—at least to the extent of trying to add to her six-song repertoire.



*SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE, EAST COAST P.D.E., LOCAL TAXES AND OTHER DEALER DELIVERY CHARGES, IF ANY, ADDITIONAL. © VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

Why the Karmann Ghia costs more than a Volkswagen.

Front fenders are formed in three sections. Then smoothed and polished by hand.

The weld where the top joins the body is pounded smooth by hand.

Doors are precisely and expertly fitted by hand, then buffed by hand.

All uneven spots are filled by hand. (Or filed down by hand.) Then smoothed out by hand.

The body is plunked into a bathtub full of paint, then baked in an oven, and wet-sanded

with emery paper. By hand.

Coat #2 is sprayed on by hand. Baked.

Wet-sanded by hand.

Coat #3 is sprayed on by hand. Baked.

Wet-sanded by hand.

Coat #4 is sprayed on by hand. Baked. Finished.

Convertible tops are padded by hand.

Finally, the body is lowered gently onto a strictly functional Volkswagen chassis.

The one that comes with VW's big 15-inch wheels, torsion bars, 4-speed synchromesh transmission, and air-cooled rear engine.

It's VW economies like this that keep the Ghia out of the \$5,000 price class.

You pay \$2,295* for the coupe, \$2,495* for the convertible.

Our regular stubby-nosed model is \$1,595.*



Which only goes to show you, the Ghia is expensive. For a Volkswagen.

MEDICINE

GYNECOLOGY

Intra-Uterine Devices: A New Era in Birth Control?

It has been known for a century that a foreign body in the uterus can prevent conception—at least in animals. But how could such a process work and be put to safe human use? Even though modern medical men have no sure answers, the cautious and respectable Planned Parenthood Federation of America announced last week that its medical advisers are now giving "strong, though preliminary" approval to the newest form of birth control. Information accumulated from more than 10,000 women during 90,000 woman-months of observation, said P.P.F.'s medical committee, "indicates that the modern intra-uterine contraceptive devices are both safe and effective."

Said P.P.F.'s president, Dr. Alan Guttmacher: "Intra-uterine devices are being subjected to as much scientific testing as the birth control pills." And it appears that they are almost equally effective. If their sponsors' hopes are fulfilled, IUCDs, as they are called, may soon be the most useful and prevalent contraceptive. They cost only pennies to manufacture; the cost of insertion is no more than a doctor chooses to charge, which may be nothing at a health station in India or the fee for an office visit and examination in the U.S. A woman who wants another child can usually become pregnant within a cou-

ple of months after the IUCD's removal. Most important, IUCDs can be left in place for months or years without thought or attention.

Silk to Silver. The man who did most to demonstrate the effectiveness of IUCDs did not live to see the dawn of the new age that he pioneered. German Gynecologist Ernst Gräfenberg, born in 1881, began inserting rings in the wombs of his patients in the 1920s. He first used rings made of surgical silk, but soon switched to silver wire. The insertion of wire required dilatation of the cervix, but Dr. Gräfenberg reported few complications and fewer unwanted pregnancies. Yet when other doctors decided to follow his example, there were many complaints—mainly excessive bleeding and inflammation in the pelvis. The rings fell into disrepute. After Dr. Gräfenberg settled in the U.S. in 1940, he gave up the use of IUCDs.

Research went on elsewhere. The late Dr. Willi Oppenheimer of Shaare Zedek Hospital in Jerusalem, who began working on the devices in 1930, thought that something like the gut used in surgical sutures would be less likely than metal to cause bad reactions. He went back to Gräfenberg's rings made from the surgical silk. His 329 patients had a few unwanted pregnancies, but no miscarriages and no malformed babies. There were no cases of permanent sterility, and no diseases, including cancer, that could be attributed to the ring. In Yokohama, Dr. Atsumi Ishi-

hama recorded a total of 19,000 women fitted with IUCDs; his choice was a ring made from a spiral of metal or plastic, and with a disk in the center suspended from three points.

Hong Kong Queues. The design of an IUCD, however, seems hardly to matter. Nor does the nature of the material, provided only that it is inert enough to cause little or no reaction in the woman's tissues. Several IUCDs are flexible, such as those of plastic (a special polyethylene), silk or nylon thread, and can usually be inserted without dilatation of the cervix. Even so, insertion must be done by a doctor, and preferably by a specialist in gynecology. Insertion of a metal ring, with dilatation of the cervix, definitely calls for specialized skill.

IUCDs are now being studied in at least a dozen countries, including several in Latin America. In Hong Kong, Taiwan and Korea IUCDs have become enormously popular; women formed long queues outside family-planning centers in Hong Kong, waiting to be fitted. An extensive test program is getting under way, though slowly, in India.

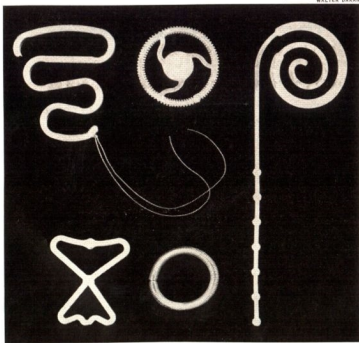
In the U.S. at least 15,000 women have been fitted with IUCDs at 40 medical centers. Four principal types of devices are being tested:

- ▶ A ring, slightly less than an inch in diameter, made of stainless-steel spring under study since 1949 by Dr. Herbert H. Hall of New York Medical College.
- ▶ A polyethylene spiral, designed by Dr. Lazar C. Margulies of Manhattan's Mount Sinai Hospital, can be inserted through a straight tube, and carries a threadlike "tail" punctuated with plastic beads.

- ▶ A double-S loop of plastic, also equipped with a tail, developed by Dr. Jack Lipps of the University of Buffalo.
- ▶ A "bow tie," or double triangle, devised by Dr. Charles H. Birnberg of the Jewish Hospital of Brooklyn, which like the rings ordinarily has no tail, but is made of a plastic that shows on X rays.

Still No Clue. The biggest immediate difficulty with IUCDs is that one woman out of ten expels hers—usually within two months. And she may not notice that she has lost it until she becomes pregnant. It is to guard against unsuspected loss of the devices that many of them carry a plastic tail. A woman can then easily examine herself to make sure that the device is in place. Only a few women have intermittent bleeding difficulties that prompt their doctors to remove the devices.

Although no one yet knows just how IUCDs prevent conception, it is certain that—unlike the diaphragm, which covers the cervix—they do not prevent passage of the sperm into the uterus and along the Fallopian tube to meet the egg. Since they definitely trigger excessive contractions of the uterine muscles and of the Fallopian tubes, they may cause displacement of the egg before it has time to be fertilized or to settle in the wall of the womb.



DOUBLE-S, BOW TIE, RINGS & SPIRAL (ACTUAL SIZE)
High hope of cheap, long-term protection.

There is no doubt about IUCDs' relatively high effectiveness. If 100 wives use no contraceptives, 90 will become pregnant in a year; with the rhythm method, 40 will, and with diaphragm or condoms, from two to 20. Among 100 women who can retain IUCDs, there is, on the average, only one pregnancy a year. That is as near perfection as the protection from the pills.

SURGERY

The Most Radical Operation

Dr. Alexander Brunschwig of Manhattan's Memorial Hospital has literally disemboweled hundreds of patients during the past 17 years. In almost every case, the list of organs he has removed would seem to be a surely lethal loss. But Brunschwig's eviscerations—or pelvic exenterations, as surgeons prefer to call the incredibly drastic operations—have been a startlingly successful effort to save lives after all hope was gone.

In a newly published French monograph, *L'Exenteration pelvienne*, Dr. Brunschwig reports that no fewer than 116 of his 562 patients have lived five years or longer after the operation. Virtually all have been glad that they submitted to the extensive amputation, even though many have had to wear a bag strapped to their waists to collect urine and feces. Some have been able to work for years, with no outward sign of their condition.

Touring & Swimming. Dr. Brunschwig, a surgeon and gynecologist, decided as long ago as 1934 that some cancer patients for whom all other treatment had failed might be kept alive for several years by operations more drastic than any so far attempted. He began, usually in cases of stomach cancer, by removing most of the stomach, half of the left lobe of the liver, the body and tail of the pancreas, the spleen, the transverse colon and part of the abdominal wall. Of the first 100 patients, 19 lived for one to ten years, including a laborer who went back to doing a full day's work (TIME, March 17, 1947).

Among women there were even more severe cases in which massive cancers had spread from uterus to large bowel and bladder, or from bowel to uterus and bladder. For them Dr. Brunschwig devised a still more radical operation, removing not only the vagina, cervix and uterus, but much of the lower colon and also the bladder. This necessitates making an artificial bladder from a section of small bowel, or leading the ureters into the colon, which then empties both urine and feces into a "wet colostomy" bag. After more conventional operations for rectal cancer that has not spread widely, only fecal matter passes through the "dry colostomy" opening in the abdominal wall, because the bladder and urethra are left intact. Since no two patients' diseases are alike, Brunschwig operations vary in the



DR. BRUNSCHWIG SCRUBBING UP

Startling success from a seemingly lethal loss.



OPERATING FOR CANCER

number of organs and length of bowel removed.

One man was well enough to make a transcontinental tour eight years after exenteration for cancer of his rectum and bladder. A woman of 35, whose operation spared the lower part of her pelvis, was having a normal sex life and went swimming seven years after surgery. Dr. Brunschwig's most extreme case was a woman who lost many internal organs, including the left kidney, plus all related lymph nodes, along with her left leg and hind quarter. Eight years later she is living happily and doing all her own housework.

Still Not the Answer. Astonishingly, Dr. Brunschwig's "five-year cure rate" of 20% for these supposedly hopeless patients is just about the same as the survival rate for all patients after their first and much less drastic operation for cancer of other internal organs. But for all his encouraging results, Surgeon Brunschwig still does not feel that such surgery is the answer. Exenteration, he says, "is a brutal and cruel procedure." He looks forward to the day when researchers will put him out of business by discovering the drug that will kill cancer cells.

TOXICOLOGY

Beware the Woolly Worm

Most adults dislike caterpillars for vague, undefinable reasons, while most children like to stroke their cute, fuzzy backs. The adults are right. At least 50 species, among the hundreds of caterpillars in the U.S., are a hazard to health simply because some of the long and often colorful hair on their backs is irritating or even poisonous to the touch.

The worst offender, say Dr. Campbell W. McMillan and Dr. William R.

Purcell in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, is the caterpillar that grows into one of the flannel moths, *Megalopyge opercularis*. Country folk use so many other names that they have confused the issue. In North Carolina it is usually the "woolly slug," in Texas it is often "woolly worm," and in between it may be the puss caterpillar, possum bug, or Italian asp. In Mexico it becomes *el perrito*, or little dog. By any name, it stings.

Houston doctors report that there seem to be epidemics of woolly-worm stings every four or five years, when the moths, and therefore their caterpillars, are especially numerous. In one recent year, Houston area doctors reported 2,130 cases; almost every one involved severe local pain and local swelling. One patient out of three had swelling of the lymph glands and a headache too severe to be relieved by aspirin. One in 20 went into shock, and eight patients had to be hospitalized, mainly for convulsions. Children are not the only victims: a Houston man was stung by a woolly worm's long back hairs when he picked up his golf bag; soon his whole left arm was throbbing with pain up to the armpit. Even with Demerol and Benadryl, he was still in pain and had a headache the next day.

The woolly slug is concentrated in eleven states from Maryland to Missouri and Texas, but it has close kin in the Northeast: the caterpillar of the white moth, *Lagoa crispata*. Other common stingers are the range and saddle-back caterpillars, and those of the buck, Io, tussock and brown-tail moths. Where the caterpillars are especially abundant, their hairs may fly through the air in such numbers as to bring on asthma attacks in children who never even touch the beast directly.

NUCLEAR ENERGY

Satellites on Patrol

If the Russians plan to try clandestine nuclear tests deep in space, they now have less chance than ever of getting away with it. Last week the U.S. orbited two vigilant satellites loaded with sensitive instruments capable of measuring X rays, gamma rays and neutrons from any source and any direction. Taking positions 65,000 miles up and on opposite sides of the earth, they joined a similar pair that was launched last October and has been performing far better than its builders had hoped.

The Department of Defense, which ordered the satellites from Space Technology Laboratories, and the Atomic Energy Commission, which supplied their instruments, insist that they are only innocent research devices aimed at learning how to detect atom tests in space. They are, in fact, a nuclear testing control system already in successful operation. The satellites launched last fall have been working perfectly three months longer than their expected life; their builders think they will stay on the job for at least nine months more without giving trouble. The two that were fired aloft last week should have an even longer life, and they carry more and better instruments.

Dr. Robert Frosch, director of the Pentagon's Advanced Research Projects Agency, is sure by now that the present level of solar activity cannot confuse even the earlier satellites into giving a false alarm. But this is the sun's periodic quiet period; when it goes back into its active condition in a few years,

blossoms with sunspots and flares and bombards the earth with streams of high-energy particles, the satellites may send in some puzzling reports. "There are still a number of ambiguities that we know nothing about," says Frosch.

Those first satellites, which orbit high above the normal Van Allen radiation belt, says Dr. James J. Coon of the AEC's Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, have detected peculiar cone-shaped clouds of negatively charged particles, presumably electrons, that trail the earth to an unknown distance, circling at the same speed with which the earth turns, so that they always remain on the side away from the sun. No one knows where they come from or why they follow the earth. Instruments on the newer satellites are designed to find out more about them.

Both the Pentagon and the AEC are sure that no nuclear test has been exploded in space since the first detector satellites were tossed into orbit. Their instruments would have detected even a small (20 kilotons) explosion 100 million miles away and distinguished its effects from all kinds of natural radiation. This is believed to be a modest estimate of their capabilities. "How much better we can do now," said an AEC official, "we're not telling."

ENGINEERING

D.C. on the Wires

Housed in a compact building near Boulogne, France, a row of 10-ft-high steel cylinders feeds high-voltage electricity into cables that cross under the English Channel to link the power networks of two nations. The same sort of tubes will soon be at work in New Zealand and Japan, and the U.S. Department of the Interior hopes to hook them to a pair of 750,000-volt lines more than 800 miles long that will carry surplus hydroelectric power from the Pacific Northwest to consumers in California and Arizona.

For all their size, the power-pushing cylinders are first cousins of the fragile vacuum tubes that glow in TV and hi-fi sets. But for all their futuristic appearance, they are a long reach into the past. They deal in electricity that always flows in the same direction—the same direct current that Thomas Alva Edison used in 1882 when he built his first primitive power system in downtown New York.

Slim Cables. Alternating current, which changes direction some 60 times per second, is far more versatile because its voltage can be raised or lowered easily by simple, cheap transformers. Modern generating plants produce AC at comparatively low voltage, and for long-distance transmission, transformers step it up to several hundred thousand volts so that it will pass through cables of reasonable size without too much



MERCURY-ARC SWITCHES
A reach into the past.

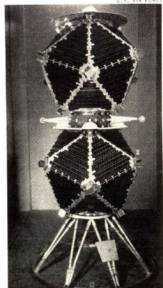
loss. When it reaches its destination, transformers reduce the voltage for use in homes and industries.

Despite DC's virtual disappearance from general use, engineers have lived with the nagging knowledge that one-way current is better for the longer hauls. DC transmission lines carry more power and are cheaper to build. Their smooth stream of electricity is easier to control and to blend with current from other sources in a network. Trouble is, DC cannot be handled by transformers; what was needed to fit it for the big-time was a practical method of manufacturing it from high-voltage AC current at the generator end of the line, and of converting it back to AC at the customers' end.

Steady Flow. This is the job that has been taken over by the big steel cylinders, otherwise known as mercury-arc valves. Perfected for high-voltage use by Dr. Uno Lamm of Sweden's ASEA company, they are filled with hot mercury vapor and act like instantaneous switches. High-voltage AC from step-up transformers runs into them, and whenever the current changes its direction, it is switched to the opposite pole of a DC transmission line. A bank of valves switching in unison produces a steady flow of current.

At the far end of the transmission line, the same valves are used in a different hookup. The current flowing through their mercury vapor is stopped and started by a control-voltage applied to a grid. This second switching produces alternating current that can be fed into transformers and reduced to the low voltages needed by the customers.

When the voltage (electric pressure) of a transmission system is increased, its amperage (current) is reduced proportionately and there is less energy loss in the line.



SPACE DETECTIVES
A way to beat cheating.

Chesterfield People:

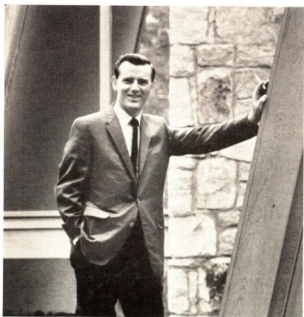
They like a mild smoke, but just don't like filters. (How about you?)



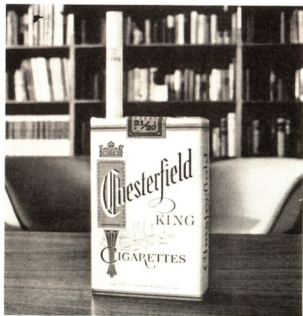
Theodore J. Miller, dog breeder, Wisconsin



Ely Traviou Dubinsky, historian, Missouri



Larry Craig Dean, architect, Georgia



If you like a mild smoke, but don't like filters—try today's Chesterfield King. Vintage tobaccos—grown mild, aged mild, blended mild. Made to taste even milder through longer length. They satisfy!

CHESTERFIELD KING tastes great...yet it smokes so mild!



MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM IN WASHINGTON
A capital monument to the bard.

SHOW BUSINESS

THE STAGE

The Shakescene

It is a bad year for the Philistine fringe. For summer theatergoers who cannot stand Shakespeare, avoiding him is all but impossible in this season of the 400th anniversary of Shakespeare's birth. There seem to be even more Hamlets in the country than Smiths. Herewith a selective survey of Shakespearean productions in the U.S. and Canada.

● **ASHLAND, ORE.** The Oregon Shakespeare Festival is the oldest in the U.S. (1935). In the remote forests, casting has to be done by questionnaire rather than audition, but Producer-Director Angus Bowmer has in the past discovered actors like Hollywood's George Peppard (*Breakfast at Tiffany's*) and Off Broadway's Joyce Ebert (*The Trojan Women*). This summer he has a witty, elegant Portia, a sunlit Viola, and a really arachnid Regan, all in the person of Elizabeth Huddle, a 25-year-old actress from San Francisco. Richard Coc, drama critic of the Washington Post, recently came away from Ashland proclaiming her "the finest young undiscovered actress in America."

The Oregon group does *Henry VI, Part I* as well as *Lear*, *Twelfth Night* and *The Merchant of Venice*, and does them all with fluid skill. Rigorously Elizabethan in style, the company offers no intermissions and performs in a simulacrum of 17th century London's Fortune Theater. "This is a stepping-stone between the academic and professional theaters," says Bowmer. "We use Shakespeare because we think he's a damned good theater man."

● **ATLANTA.** The Southern Shakespeare Festival occurs in a converted Baptist church before audiences that have sometimes achieved levels of unsophistication

reminiscent of the sort of people who watched Shakespeare's plays when they were originally performed. "He went thataway," a bloodthirsty young man once shouted over the footlights to Macbeth, indicating where the thane might corner King Duncan. But this year the Atlanta group has a really outstanding Hamlet in Jonathan Phelps, whose considerable technical facility is matched by a scholarly understanding of his subject, resulting in a performance of unusual balance.

● **HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.** The Ravinia Shakespeare Company may prove to be the best performing in the U.S. this summer, but this remains to be seen, since its opening night is Aug. 18. The group consists of 25 English Shakespearean actors, many of them graduates of the Old Vic. Assembled in London by Peter Dews, who produced and directed the BBC's *An Age of Kings*, the company will give 52 performances in the open air of Ravinia Park. King Henry V and Hamlet will be played by Robert Hardy, who played Laertes to Richard Burton's Hamlet at the Old Vic in 1953-54 and became one of Burton's favorite friends. The Ravinia Shakespeare Company has been imported as a result of the efforts of a Chicago advertising man, who thinks of Ananias by day and dreams of anapaests at night.

● **LAKEWOOD, OHIO.** The Great Lakes Shakespeare Festival has a fine Hamlet too, notable mainly for the breadth of its excellence. Hamlet himself is adequately played by Dennis Longwell, who finished at Yale four years ago, has earned a graduate degree in dramatic art at Northwestern, and has worked two seasons with the excellent Equity repertory company at Princeton. Perhaps too close in age to the academic world, he still has a lot of

living to do before he can become a fully rounded Hamlet. Mario Siletti's Polonius is consummately acolian, Emery Battis, once of Broadway (*Winged Victory*) and now a history professor at Rutgers, plays King Claudius with all the high colors of evil, villainy and cowardice that the role could possibly be made to display.

The Great Lakes group also does *Henry VI* (a compression of all three parts), *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Richard III*, *Much Ado About Nothing* and *The Taming of the Shrew*. The consistent high level of its productions is the achievement of Director Arthur Lithgow, long a professional man-about-Shakespeare, whose players are always well-drilled and speak their lines as if they understand the characters they are playing.

● **LOS ANGELES.** Morris Carnovsky's *King Lear*, first seen at Stratford, Conn., last summer, has become an institution in itself, said to be even better than Paul Scofield's. Carnovsky-Lear is presently mounted in a straightforward and well-paced production staged by John Houseman for Hollywood's Pilgrimage Theater. The cast as a whole fully supports Carnovsky, and the outdoor setting is stunning. He shouts, "Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! Rage! Blow!" at the sheer parapets of the Hollywood Hills—at least they turn into sheer parapets under the magical lighting of Broadway's Jean Rosenthal.

● **LOUISVILLE.** Like New York, Louisville has free Shakespeare in its Central Park, with 1,500 permanent seats and open space for folding chairs, stools and blankets. Equity actors are the nucleus of the Carriage House Shakespearean Repertory Company, which this summer is doing *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Macbeth*, *As You Like It* and *Julius Caesar*. So far, the Courier-Journal has described the group's work as "vital."



HUDDLE'S REGAN
An Oregonian arachnid.



HUTT'S RICHARD II

An Ontarian Humbert Humbert.

while the Times has limited its praise, saying only that "several scenes were skillfully, imaginatively staged."

• MINNEAPOLIS. Given the tendency of Director Tyrone Guthrie to bejazz his productions, the present Henry V at the Tyrone Guthrie Theater might have been expected to whip out a .45 at Agincourt. But he does not—and Henry V is a palpable hit (TIME, May 22), more memorable for Guthrie's overall staging than for the at times unkingly performance of George Grizzard.

• NEW YORK CITY. Richard Burton's Hamlet will continue to run for two more weeks on Broadway; during its extended run, Burton's stand-by, Robert Burr, played Hamlet for Joseph Papp's free Shakespeare group in Central Park in a production that, with Julie Harris as Ophelia, outdistanced the one on Broadway in nearly every respect save the performance of Burton himself. Papp's group is still doing a successful, broad-laugh presentation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* from a collapsible mobile theater touring the five boroughs* (TIME, July 10), and at present in Central Park an excellent production of *Othello*, with James Earl Jones as a hip-swiveling, primitive Moor. The staging is bold. In the bedroom scene, for example, Desdemona (Julienne Marie) does not just wait to be strangled. She makes a desperate dash to get away. Othello chases her, catches her when she trips on a flight of stairs, carries her, struggling, back to

the bed, where he falls on her and chokes off her life.

• SAN DIEGO. In Balboa Park, the replica Globe Theater contains productions this summer of *Measure for Measure*, *Macbeth* and *Much Ado About Nothing*. The first is notable chiefly because the actors wear codpieces, but San Diego audiences do not comprehend the play's intricate fornications. The second features a good performance by Charles Macaulay, a discovery from television. And the third is memorable because it was directed by B. Iden Payne, 82, a formidable figure in professional and bush theater for more than 60 years. His *Much Ado* is literal, straightforward, underdirected and one-dimensional, which will indicate to any former Payne student that the master has not lost his grip. Some of the actors in *Much Ado* strike poses like various Barrymores. Small wonder, B. Iden Payne directed Ethel in *Déclassé* and John in *Justice*.

• STRATFORD, CONN. This is the tenth season for Stratford-upon-Housatonic, which once tried to enrich its box office with stars like Jack Palance and Robert Ryan, apparently hoping that audiences would confuse qualitative accomplishment with mere surprise that the stars could say the lines at all. Then in 1962 the Ford Foundation gave \$503,000 to Stratford to help finance a wintertime school in speech, dance, fencing and so on, designed to develop a permanent company with all the depth, facility, and technical skill of an English group.

To some extent this paid off in Morris Carnovsky's 1963 *Lear*, but for the most part the American Stratford is still disappointingly inept. Someone named Tom Sawyer is playing Hamlet there this year. The poor fellow may very well know how to get a fence painted, but he certainly has no idea how to sit on one. Left alone on the stage for soliloquies, he is wooden, stiff-legged and ill at ease. His fencing lessons have resulted in a duel scene that might have been fought between Mrs. Warren Harding and the lady in Ohio. Considering the Gertrude, the Laertes and the Ophelia that surround him, Sawyer is at least letting no one down. The highlight of the production occurs when a procession of supernumeraries enters bearing long poles topped by huge, flaming, antlered skulls. There is no other fire in this Hamlet.

Stratford's Richard III is equally unsettling. As Douglas Watson plays him, Richard is monstrously twitchy but uncomplicatedly gleeful, a modern rather than a medieval sicknik, never giving the sense that he really loves evil for its own sake. The company's *Much Ado About Nothing*, on the other hand, is the best evening for sale at Stratford this summer. Riotous and briskly paced, with leafy sets, garden-party costumes and lighthearted acting, it goes some distance toward being the dish of sherbet that *Much Ado* should be.

• STRATFORD, ONT. A Shakespeare memorial summer seems an odd time for the Stratford Shakespearean Festival Foundation of Canada to present two plays by other authors, but that is what is happening in Ontario, where Wycheley's *The Country Wife* opened early this week and Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* is already playing. *King Lear* and *Richard II* are playing too. John Colicos, who looks much like Paul Scofield in the role, is an able and imperial Lear in a production skillfully but somewhat sentimentally staged by Stratford's Artistic Director Michael Langham. The star of the summer, however, is William Hutt, 44, who is probably the best of Canada's actors. A deeply trained Shakespearean, he novelously plays Richard with strength at the start, gradually shading him into weakness. He is also candid about the shortcomings of earlier actors in the role. Alec Guinness, he says, "was impressive without being definitive." Michael Redgrave "played it like Barbara Stanwyck with a mustache." Gielgud? "I guess he thought Richard was a neuroathletic who could cry at the drop of a crown." As for the play itself, in which Richard's queen is a young child, Hutt says: "It out-Humberts Humbert. It should be retitled *Take Her, She's Nine*."

• WASHINGTON, D.C. Begun three years ago, the Shakespeare Summer Festival is staged on the sloping lawns that lead up to the Washington Monument, and is in itself something of a monument to the determination of a housewife named Ellie Chamberlain Galidas, whose husband is a General Electric systems analyst. She decided that the capital should have free, outdoor, summer Shakespeare, and she brought it off. Her actors are partly Equity and partly amateur, plus 20 ballerinas from the Washington School of the Ballet. They do one play a season, and this summer's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is just right for its setting—full of pageantry and horseplay and Mack Sennett chases.

GEORGE JOSEPH

JONES'S OTHELLO & MARIE'S DESDEMONA
An athletic strangulation in Manhattan.

* Where it has run into some local competition. In Brooklyn, the Orthodox Jewish Shakespeare Troupe of the Menorah Home and Hospital for the Aged and Infirm has its annual summer production too. This year it was *Macbeth*. Lady Macbeth, 76, wearing a blue gown she made herself, addressed the audience at the end, saying: "Did I do bad? I wanted my husband to be a somebody." Said the 82-year-old Macbeth to his lady: "A king I had to be? A 15-room castle wasn't good enough for you?"

RELIGION

ANGLICANS

The Archbishop Is a Protestant

"Are you a Protestant?" Earl Alexander of Hillsborough, a Baptist, demanded of the Archbishop of Canterbury during debate in the House of Lords on a measure to permit more elaborate priestly vestments at Communion services. "I am a Protestant precisely in the way the Prayer Book

ASSOCIATED PRESS



CANTERBURY

Nothing but a scarf.

and the Anglican formularies use that term," replied the Most Rev. Arthur Michael Ramsey.

The answer did not satisfy Lord Alexander. As far as he is concerned, Anglican Communion already resembles too closely the Roman Catholic Mass; and the measure to permit the use of the alb (a long-sleeved white tunic), the chasuble (a ponchlike garment), the amice (a linen neckcloth) and the maniple (a band of cloth worn on the left arm) would strengthen what the London Times called a "drift toward the Roman Catholic form of service."

Nevertheless, the measure was approved by the Lords 86 to 15, and now heads for stormy debate in the Commons. One of two reforms approved by the Church Assembly of bishops, clergy and laity, it stirred heated passion because it touches on issues that have long caused strains within the Church of England.

Since the 17th century, the Church of England has been divided between High Church Anglo-Catholicism and Low Church Evangelicals. Low churchmen oppose any changes in Anglican canon law, last codified in 1604, and

not much altered since, that would permit more "Popish" vestments and ceremonies. But though considered illegal, the alb and the chasuble are worn by priests in a fourth of the Anglican churches in Britain. The intent of the vestments measure is to make legal, though optional, practices that have been widespread since Victorian days.

Many Anglican clergymen, High and Low, felt that the vestments issue had been blown up beyond proportion. Canterbury himself said: "In some churches, I wear no more than a black scarf"—leading *Punch* to take gleeful note that the archbishop had also called for understanding and forbearance for wearers of topless bathing suits. The Rev. Nicolas Stacey, rector of Woolwich, strongly deplored the concern with trivialities. "Our work is hopelessly undermined when our fellow churchmen, claiming to speak in the name of Christ, make issues about clerical vesture. It confirms people's suspicion that when the crunch comes, the church doesn't care a damn about the things that matter. I would celebrate the Holy Communion service in my pajamas if I thought it would help someone to find faith."

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Gadfly

Among the 2,500 mostly learned and lordly Roman Catholic bishops around the world, English Archbishop Thomas d'Erre Roberts, 71, is an independent spirit who feels free to put churchly propositions up to the measure of his own reason. He has no use for pomp, and to discourage people from kissing his episcopal ring, he jokes, "I carry it in my back pocket."

Last week he was at Seattle University, wreathed in a cloud of Salem smoke, sitting at a desk littered with matchbooks, letters and Agatha Christie novels. He would rather have been in Southern California. But the arch-conservative Archbishop of Los Angeles, James Francis Cardinal McIntyre, banned the liberal Roberts from lecturing there. Roberts took it philosophically: "Cardinal McIntyre is in charge and is entitled to his own views as to what is expedient and what isn't."

"Please Confirm." A Jesuit priest born of English parents in Le Havre, Roberts once headed an archdiocese—but gave it up. In 1937, while teaching in Liverpool, he was told by a reporter of his appointment as Archbishop of Bombay. Tongue in cheek, he wired Rome to "please confirm" the appointment. Thirteen years later, having become convinced that India's principal see ought to be occupied by an Indian, he resigned in favor of Valerian Gracias, and settled down at the Farm Street church in London's Mayfair.

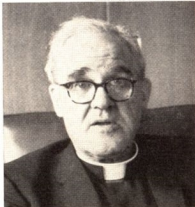
Now titular Bishop of Sygdea in Cri-

mea,* Roberts goes at a fast clip lecturing, traveling, writing, and battling for causes unpopular with most members of the church hierarchy. He likes to recall that in 1950 he advised Pope Pius XII against defining the dogma of Mary's assumption. He plugs away for a bigger voice for the laity in church affairs: "I would hope to see the apostolic tradition restored to where the laity had a voice, especially in matters concerning marriage, to advise a body entirely celibate."

He believes the church ought to amend its stand on birth control. "Practically all Protestant bodies today repudiate the position that contraception is forbidden by natural law. Moreover, great numbers of Catholics, perhaps even the great majority, are either disregarding the law altogether or their marriages are in serious trouble of breaking up." He feels that cumbersome marriage annulment procedures, which sometimes take several years, ought to be expedited. He militantly presses his church to support the ban-the-bomb movement, drawing a comparison between the church's concern for the lives of babies not conceived because of birth control and the apparent lack of the same solicitude for adults who might be killed in nuclear war.

"Ladies' Underwear." At the meetings of the Vatican Council, Roberts is likely to be found at the coffee bar in

MARSHALL LOCKMAN—BLACK STAR



SYGDEA

And a ring in his pocket.

St. Peter's denouncing as "ladies' underwear" the episcopal finery that the bishops have to put on while there. Quite predictably, he stands at the outer periphery of the church's policymakers. He is not a methodical reformer, a dynamic organizer, but a prober, a prelate who says aloud what others may think in silence, who raises critical but often embarrassing questions for debate. Like Socrates, he feels that it is sufficient for a thoughtful man to be a gadfly.

* A certain number of Catholic bishops, chiefly auxiliaries, papal diplomats and Curia officials, preside over ancient dioceses that no longer exist as active churchly subdivisions. Such bishoprics are mostly in Moslem areas in northern Africa and the Middle East.

MILESTONES

Born. To Tony Curtis, 39, kiss-curl'd cinemactor (*Captain Newman, M.D.*), and Christine Kaufmann, 19, honey-haired German-born starlet (*Taras Bul-ba*): their first child, a daughter; in Hollywood.

Married. Kim Stanley, 39, Broadway actress (*The Three Sisters*); and Joseph Siegel, 35, her lawyer, the man who indulges Kim by insisting on stage contracts of no longer than nine months ("After that," she claims, "it sounds like a recording to me"); she for the fourth time; in Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Married. Maurice Herzog, 45, leader of the 1950 conquest of the Himalayas' 26,502-ft. Mount Annapurna, now director of De Gaulle's physical fitness program; and Countess Marie Pierre de Cossé-Brissac, 39, French noblewoman; he for the first time; she for the second; in Paris.

Divorced. George Capron, 79, Los Angeles real estate tycoon (860 acres on Laguna Beach); by Ednah Race Capron, 74, who until now ran his household on a budget of \$300 a month; on grounds of cruelty (he denied her a nurse last year when she broke her leg); after 55 years of marriage, no children; in Los Angeles. Settlement: half his fortune, or \$16 million, highest award in California history.

Died. Herb Sheldon, 51, impresario of radio and TV kiddie shows, who forswore the clownish costumes and childish twaddle of his colleagues, instead gave pre-teen audiences the scoop about building muscles (spinach helps), crossing streets and watching too much TV, becoming one of NBC's highest-paid stars at \$250,000 a year in the 1950s; of a heart attack; in Manhasset, N.Y.

Died. Harry Grossinger, 76, founder and proprietor of New York State's famed Catskill resort, who for 50 years quietly attended to the details while his wife Jennie established herself as one of the country's best-known hostesses, seeing their original seven-room guest cottage grow into a \$15 million investment with so much of everything (ski tows, heated pools, 18-hole course, a staff of 900 employees) that the 660 rooms were generally full winter and summer; of an acute coronary thrombosis; in Liberty, N.Y.

Died. Stella Stagg, 89, wife of Football Patriarch Amos Alonzo Stagg, 101, who married Stagg in his second year as the University of Chicago's coach, herself became a leading female authority on the game by attending his every scrimmage and chalk talk, diagramming his plays and exercising an uncanny eye for ferretting out the opposition's weaknesses; of cancer; in Stockton, Calif.

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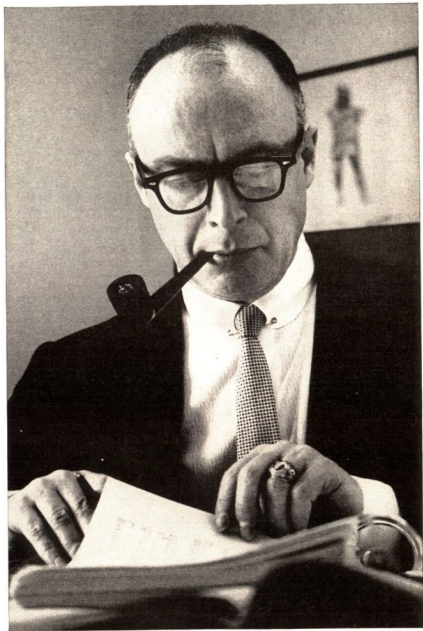
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U.S. BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

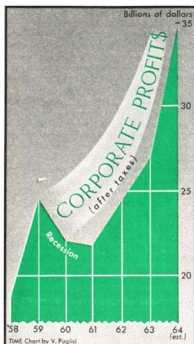
A Record-Smashing Record

Sports lovers have debated in recent years whether athletes could go on breaking records indefinitely, but there seems to be no question about continued record-breaking when it comes to U.S. business. For 41 months now, businessmen have watched record after record crumble with computer speed until new economic tidemarks have become the rule rather than the exception. Since the economy, like the athlete, gets bigger and stronger over the years, there seem to be no practical limits to its performance. Never has it performed better than in the first six months of 1964.

Faster than Sales. The first-half reports that came flooding in last week broke scores of records, and nearly every segment of the economy contributed its share. As has come to be almost expected, giant General Motors led the field by announcing, for the third quarter in a row, the highest sales and earnings of any company in history. The impressive total: first half sales of \$9.8 billion, profits of \$1.1 billion. Ford and Chrysler also reported alltime high earnings for the half.

New profit highs were also reached by such varied companies as Du Pont, Motorola, Texaco, Sun Oil, Minnesota Mining, United Air Lines—and those that did not set new marks contented themselves with hefty hikes. B. F. Goodrich raised profits 15.5%, and Reynolds Metals 25%. The nation's second largest railroad, the Pennsylvania, was up more than 500% in the first half, and the third biggest road, the New York Central, turned a \$4,400,000 loss into a \$10.7 million profit. If the second half continues at the first-half pace—which ran ahead of all estimates—U.S. corporations will earn between \$34 and \$35 billion in 1964, a performance that would outshine 1963's record by more than 25%.

While the 1964 tax cut has undoubtedly helped profits some, it is a minor reason for the upswing; so far, it has lowered corporate tax levels only 2%. The fact is that, for the third successive



year, profits for many U.S. corporations are increasing at a faster rate than sales. Among last week's headiest profit gainers: Chrysler, up nearly 50% on a 22% sales rise; Motorola, up 76% on an 11% gain in sales; American Airlines, up 86% on a revenue increase of 10%.

Coquettish Hovering. A main force behind the profit swell is U.S. industry's increasing use of excess capacity as the economy expands, a movement that gradually lowers production costs. Management also knows better than ever before how to wield the two most powerful tools in its possession: automation and cost control. A growing use of computers has made possible more exhaustive market research, closer control of inventories and production, and a greater awareness of a company's potential. Cost consciousness has become so strong in industry that businessmen

are much readier than formerly to eliminate unprofitable parts of their business, and more reluctant to add to their labor force as business rises.

The giddy rise in profits is showing up on more than corporate balance sheets. Though the market has been coquettishly hovering around the 850 resistance level on the Dow-Jones average, having grown so used to good news that it has discounted much of it, 426 new company highs were registered last week v. only 58 new lows. Profits are also helping to fuel the record \$44 billion capital expansion undertaken this year by U.S. industry and the \$5 billion more it is spending on research and development. The most tangible impact is on the nation's 17.5 million stockholders. Last week the Commerce Department reported that cash dividends by corporations in June reached \$2.5 billion—the highest monthly payout in the nation's history and an indication that dividends in 1964 will pass the \$17.5 billion mark to set—as one might suspect—another alltime record.

GOVERNMENT

The Headless Branch

Though they are not provided for in the Constitution, they make important policy, execute it and sit as judges. There is hardly anyone in the U.S. who is not in some way affected by one or another of their acts. They fix the price of milk and electric power, decide where airlines can fly and pipelines snake, police the stock market and determine the content of a tube of lipstick. They are the nation's 30 federal regulatory agencies—and their great powers over American life and business have become increasingly controversial. Senator Everett Dirksen calls them "the headless fourth branch of government."

Last week a Senate judiciary subcommittee began intensive hearings aimed at revising drastically the way the regulatory agencies handle their work. Whatever the committee decides, its hearings are sure to add further to the argument over the federal agen-



CAB: BOYD

SEC: COHEN

NLRB: McCULLOCH

ICC: GOFF

FCC: HENRY

FPC: SWIDLER

FTC: DIXON

With such powers over U.S. life and business, should the regulators be regulated?

cies. The Senate is already considering creation of a permanent administrative body that would serve as a watchdog over the entire regulatory process. The Republican platform singles out "power-grabbing regulatory actions" as a campaign issue, and Lyndon Johnson has made it plain that he wants the agencies to concentrate on "more cooperation with, instead of more regulation of business."

Tough Watchdog. The most influential, and consequently the most controversial, of Washington's alphabet soup of agencies are the Big Seven independents—the Federal Trade Commission (FTC), Federal Power Commission (FPC), Federal Communications Commission (FCC), Interstate Commerce Commission (ICC), Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC), Civil Aeronautics Board (CAB) and the National Labor Relations Board (NLRB). In addition, the Food and Drug Administration must clear all prescription drugs and the Federal Aviation Agency, whose annual budget of \$775 million is the largest of the agencies, sets safety standards and regulates the design and production of aircraft. The agencies spend about \$1 billion and conduct 40,000 hearings annually.

By suggestion, threat or litigation, the agencies can shake and reshape industries. The SEC in particular has recently been a tough watchdog on Wall Street. FTC's summary order to cigarette makers to put health warnings on packages and in their advertising has raised a storm that is headed for the courts. The ICC has so far held up the badly wanted merger of the Pennsylvania and New York Central railroads, and the CAB has turned thumbs down on the plans of American and Eastern airlines to merge.

Molasses-Slow. Starting with the ICC, founded in 1887 to regulate railroads, the agencies were called into being to correct abuses that industries and institutions could not or would not correct themselves. But as the agencies have grown in number and power, they have also grown their own faults. Molasses-slow bureaucracy is the chief of them: it can take three years to settle an ICC case, five years for the FPC to act on a gas pipeline rate change and 70 days for the SEC to process a new stock issue. One FTC case cost a company \$285,000, and by the time it was finally settled—after six years of delay—the company had gone out of business.

Inevitably, the regulators are targets of aggressive lobbying, and occasionally they get involved in a scandal with a Bobby Baker or a Sherman Adams. One of their traditional weaknesses is that many appointees come with little firsthand knowledge of the fields they will regulate. The men who regulate million-dollar industries are not highly paid—commission chairmen get up to \$21,500 and powerful examiners get about \$13,000.

A rundown of the men who head the Big Seven:

► CAB's Alan S. Boyd is a lawyer and former Florida utilities commissioner whose tough efficiency has made him the Government's indisputable "Mr. Aviation." He has turned the CAB into one of the best-run agencies.

► SEC's Manuel Cohen, a Brooklyn-born career lawyer for the commission, was recently appointed successor to William L. Cary. But no change is expected in the 1,500-man agency's vigorous policing of the stock market.

► FPC's Joseph Swidler, a former New Dealer and TVA general counsel, preaches the advantages of a dual system of public and private utilities. Since 1961, he has helped clear up the overwhelming backlog of 4,000 rate cases, expanded the 1,200-man agency's enforcement authority.

► FCC's E. William Henry is a Memphis lawyer who succeeded Newton Minow, and echoes his "wasteland" criticism of TV, is still feeling his way.

► FTC's Paul Rand Dixon, another Tennessee lawyer and former antitrust investigator for Senator Estes Kefauver, has become a noisy but erratic defender of the little consumer.

► ICC's Abe Goff, an Idaho Republican and former Congressman, holds the chairmanship this year under the commission's annual rotation system. In the unwieldy 2,500-man agency, the turnover of cases is much less rapid: a decision in the Pennsylvania-New York Central merger is not expected until well into 1965.

► NLRB's Frank McCulloch is a strong-minded Illinois Democrat, under whom the board has rarely risen above routine in handling the massive paper work of some 22,000 cases a year involving complaints of unfair labor practice and union jurisdictional disputes.

Once a month the chairmen of the

regulatory agencies get together at an informal meeting, which they pointedly call "The Tightrope Club." Congress seems to feel that the men in the Tightrope Club could stand a little more regulation themselves, and the current Senate hearings open a drive for the first major overhaul of the agencies in 18 years.

FOREIGN TRADE

An Urge for the Yankee Label

U.S. businessmen don't care much for inflation at home, but they have some reason to cheer when they see it in the other fellow's yard. The reason: it is good for U.S. exports. Right now Europe is plagued by inflation; Robert Marjolin, the Common Market's vice president, last week warned the six member nations that "severe measures" will have to be taken to halt it. Caught in a wage-price spiral that this year alone has boosted wages 19% in The Netherlands, European manufacturers are no longer able to cover increasing expenses out of their earnings, instead are raising prices. One result is that imports from the U.S., even after markups of as much as 40% to cover transportation costs and duty, are becoming increasingly competitive in Europe.

For the first quarter of 1964, U.S. exports to Britain and the Common Market rose 25% to \$1.5 billion, and for all of 1964 they are expected to reach a record \$8.5 billion—an increase important both to the vitality of the U.S. economy and to the U.S. balance of payments (whose deficit, the Government reported last week, was reduced to \$800 million in 1964's first half, compared with twice that amount in previous years). The vigor of this trade is fed, of course, by the virtues of improved U.S. technology, a wealth of new products, and a harder sell by

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U.S. businessmen—plus the fact that prosperous countries tend to increase their imports. But to a larger degree, U.S. products are also benefiting from Europe's rising prices.

Status Appeal. Prices are not the only attraction, since few U.S. goods yet compete directly in price in Europe. But as the gap narrows, the selling points of U.S. products become more attractive: better quality, smarter design, less need of servicing, speedier deliveries than can be made by many European competitors, who are already working at full capacity. In many cases, American manufacturers offer goods that Europeans only recently realized they wanted. Barbecue grills and gadgets are selling fast among Frenchmen, who have lately discovered *le week-end* opportunities for *le camping, le barbecue, et le pique-nique*. And just as affluent Americans buy Pucci blouses or Rolls-Royces, Europeans have taken to choosing imports for the status appeal of a "Made in U.S.A." label. Says French Planner Pierre Massé: "We are running after the U.S., of course."

European prosperity has produced a strong demand for U.S. capital goods. Westinghouse International, which once considered Latin America its best market, has shifted sights to Europe and now does one-third of its business there in everything from tiny electronic parts to steel mill machinery and atomic power plants. After only four years of concentrated marketing in Europe by bilingual salesmen, Milwaukee's Koehring Co. now has sales of \$6,000,000 annually in machines that do anything from die casting to ditchdigging.

"This Is the Time." Now consumer goods have become the second wave of exports. In both Britain and France, American appliances sell well because they are available in more imaginative sizes and shapes for different kinds of kitchens. Demand is rising for such disparate items as colonial furniture and shower curtains, for air conditioners and suntan lotions, and for such soft goods as sportswear, bathing suits, children's dresses, lingerie and men's pajamas. In Germany, of all places, the sales of U.S. photo equipment—notably the new Kodak Instamatic camera—have jumped nearly 300% in the past year, to \$1,400,000.

American firms have also profited from Europe's increasing fascination with self-service machines. Vendo Co. of Kansas City exports automatic dispensers for German beer and wine; Westinghouse and Whirlpool both are selling coin-operated laundry and dry-cleaning equipment; and a small Greenville, S.C., firm called Barbecue King expects to double European sales of restaurant barbecue equipment this year to \$600,000. "This is the time to go in there," says Barbecue King President Robert Wilson. "They really want to buy American goods."

The urge for the Yankee label has economists like Marjolin worried. West-



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New fillip for filaments.



MODEL IN GLASS GOWN

ern Europe has a \$5 billion trade balance deficit. More than this, the inflow of U.S. goods—especially of those on which tariffs are high or haulage is expensive—encourages development of U.S. plants in Europe that can compete on even tighter terms. Last year alone, for every \$1 worth of goods arriving from the U.S., \$3 worth were already there, made and sold by Americans.

INDUSTRY

The Material with 33,000 Uses

Moviegoers chuckled some years ago when Alec Guinness, as *The Man in the White Suit*, invented an indestructible garment, only to be frustrated by businessmen shocked at its non-obsolescence. The indestructible suit is still a fantasy, but something almost as good is on the way. This one will not stretch or shrink, is impervious to stains and moths, goes from soaking wet to bone-dry in seconds, holds a press and defies wrinkles. It will be made of fiber glass, a versatile material that is beginning to be used in hundreds of consumer items after years of narrow specialization.

From the Phoenicians. Filaments spun from hot silica sand were used to make ornaments 3,000 years ago by the Phoenicians, but the modern fiber glass industry is only 25 years old. In that scant time, it has grown into a \$340 million business. Almost 80% of its sales are made by Owens-Corning, a company controlled jointly by Owens-Illinois and Corning Glass. Owens-Corning did much of the original research on commercial glass fibers, owns the well-known Fiberglas trademark. Under a 1949 consent decree, the company agreed to release some patents and license others. Fiber glass, as a result, is now produced by Johns-Manville, Pittsburgh Plate Glass, and several other companies.

Fiber glass used as insulation still accounts for 70% of sales, but the devel-

opment of other products has been stepped up by the invention of a double-nozzle spray gun that shoots fiber and liquid resin simultaneously, thus creating an easy and inexpensive method of spraying fiber glass onto molds. One new product, in fact, almost wrecked the industry. Boats made of plastic reinforced with fiber glass became a quick success, and before long, dozens of boat companies were building them. The supply of fiber glass got so scarce that it had to be allocated while the firms rushed new production facilities. Unfortunately, many of the boat builders were inexperienced and undercapitalized; when they floundered, the fiber glass companies were left with excess capacity, were forced to make price cuts. This year, however, the rising demand for fiber glass in new products has finally led to price increases. Owens-Corning's first-half earnings of \$8.2 million on sales of \$139 million, announced this week, are 62% better than last year.

Changing the Sea. So far, researchers have found 33,000 ways in which fiber glass could replace steel, aluminum, wood or cloth. Fiber glass now goes into ladders and luggage, pipes and Polaris missiles, building sidings and shotguns. Some manufacturers are developing it for dresses, and the Canadians are making fiber glass igloos for north woods sportsmen. Automobile bodies, when runs are limited to 50,000 cars of a specialized model, can be made more economically using fiber glass instead of steel. Fiber glass makers hope eventually to replace steel or nylon cord in tires, and thereby take over a \$400 million-a-year business. There are signs that fiber glass may even become a wonder worker: a desalinization technique is being tested in which sea water is run through an inexpensive membranous fiber glass pipe, which allows the fresh water to pass through but retains the salt.

WORLD BUSINESS

IRON CURTAIN

An Economic Mess

The Communist bloc's economic news was pretty bad last week, even by Communist standards. There was the Soviet Union, admitting that its industrial production has not risen as fast as planned (see *THE WORLD*). In Cuba, where the economy has tumbled to 80% of pre-Castro levels, the government moved to halt the decline by making President Osvaldo Dorticos economics minister and central planning board chairman. That was not all. Communist China's economy has produced more bad news than goods, and Russia's growing difficulties with Rumania are largely the result of its efforts to impose an unwanted economic straitjacket on that country. Marxism has made a mess of economics.

The mess has been nowhere more significant than in Czechoslovakia,

hemian glass; its living standard was among Europe's highest, and the country emerged from the war relatively undamaged. Then the Communists, who seized power in 1948, gradually switched much of the country's economy over to heavy industry.

Before long, heavy goods represented 60% of all output. New steel mills grew up everywhere, but they depended on Soviet mines for half their ore. In turn, the steel was hammered into diesel locomotives and river barges that were then exported to Russia—even though the Czechs' own railroads and river fleets were antiquated. Increased costs forced planners to forgo reinvestment and research. The demand for factory labor trimmed the country's farm population from 3,300,000 to 1,300,000, often left the farms to be run by women, and helped sow the seeds for chronic crop shortages.

The switch stopped economic growth,

provide more laborers, it is also trimming a bureaucracy swollen to 750,000 unproductive clerks and minor officials. To get hard currency for grain and machinery imports, it is wooing Western tourists with film and jazz festivals and easy visas. Last week, in one of the biggest policy decisions so far, State Planning Commission Chairman Oldrich Cernik announced that factories that increase productivity will be allowed to grant wage increases and bonuses. Where productivity falls, warned Cernik, wages will be cut accordingly.

FRANCE

Paris-Milan Express

Even as Charles de Gaulle called again last week for a "European Europe," a sizable piece of French industry slipped into the American orbit with his approval. Persuaded finally that ailing Machines Bull could boost its share



MEAT QUEUE IN LIBEREC

After 16 years of misapplied Marxism, the showplace is showing its cracks.

where last week officials fretted publicly over fall-offs in food canning, dairy production and even the supply of Pilsner beer. As Communist satellites go, Czechoslovakia is something special. It is the most industrialized and the most intellectualized country in the Russian orbit. By all accounts, it should have been an Iron Curtain showplace—and for a while it was. But after running at an annual growth rate of between 8% and 11% in the late 1950s, Czechoslovakia's gross national product has remained almost static at about \$18.5 billion since 1961. The heavily controlled economy is now falling so far short of targets that its five-year plans have been abandoned.

Seeds of Shortage. Czechoslovakia's economic troubles stem from the inflexible imposition of Marxist rules on the economy. Prewar Czechoslovakia was famous for sophisticated consumer goods, from Skoda automobiles to Bo-

hemian glass; its living standard was among Europe's highest, and the country emerged from the war relatively undamaged. Then the Communists, who seized power in 1948, gradually switched much of the country's economy over to heavy industry. Before long, heavy goods represented 60% of all output. New steel mills grew up everywhere, but they depended on Soviet mines for half their ore. In turn, the steel was hammered into diesel locomotives and river barges that were then exported to Russia—even though the Czechs' own railroads and river fleets were antiquated. Increased costs forced planners to forgo reinvestment and research. The demand for factory labor trimmed the country's farm population from 3,300,000 to 1,300,000, often left the farms to be run by women, and helped sow the seeds for chronic crop shortages.

Trimming the Bureaucracy. Post-Stalin liberalism in the bloc is bringing self-criticism and some slow improvement. The Czech government is turning back to private ownership in such small enterprises as tailor shops, laundries and hat-check concessions. To



WOMEN WORKING ON THE FARM

of the computer market's sales and cut its losses only with proffered American help. De Gaulle reversed an earlier veto and allowed General Electric to come in and take what amounts to a controlling interest. Last week, after three months of negotiations, the terms and the extent of G.E.'s investment—\$43 million—were agreed on.

For this sum, which will come from G.E. revenues abroad to avoid strain on the U.S. balance of payments, G.E. gets a 49% interest in Machines Bull's research and manufacturing facilities and 51% of its sales company. Most important, G.E. obtains a secure European base from which to battle comfortably ensconced IBM for a continental computer market expected to reach \$3 billion in sales by 1970. No sooner had the French discussions ended last week than G.E. executives moved on to Milan to extend that base. Italy's Olivetti, which makes small com-

puters and office machines and is also having difficulties, is anxious for the same sort of help. Preparing to extend it, G.E. seemed likely to accomplish more by its two bits of bargaining than it had managed in two years of independent marketing in Europe.

WEST GERMANY

The Union Banker

The Marxist origins of Germany's labor movement long made it unthinkable for unions to support or even condone capitalism. Then postwar prosperity, bulging union coffers, and "co-determination" laws—which placed union leaders on corporate boards—gradually converted labor into an eager partner in the German economy. Trade unions today own Germany's biggest housing construction company, and share with cooperatives ownership of its second-ranked deep-sea fishery and the largest cut-rate life insurance company in Europe. Labor's proudest possession is one of the world's few union-owned banks, the Frankfurt-based Bank für Gemeinwirtschaft, which lately has been engaged in the highly capitalistic practice of gobbling up competitors: it has just bought control of Cologne's Bau- und Handelsbank and Frankfurt's Investitions- und Handelsbank.

Unorthodox but Rewarding. Trade unions and consumer cooperatives founded six small banks in 1948 and 1950, merged them to form B.F.G. in 1958, and still hold all of its stock. The bank avoids the natural inclination to restrict its business to union finances and interests, aggressively competes with traditional banks for commercial and industrial customers. Union and cooperative funds, which once constituted half of its deposits and credits, today account for only 18% of deposits and 15% of credits. The bank's assets have grown to nearly \$1 billion, making it Germany's fourth largest bank. Some of this rapid growth has occurred just because of B.F.G.'s proletarian background. Union officials sitting on corporate boards have provided the combination for getting many industrial accounts into the vaults, and much of the bank's foreign business has been initiated through union contacts all over the free world.

The instinctive desire of a union bank for full employment has led B.F.G. into several unorthodox but rewarding transactions. While most other banks stood aside, B.F.G. last year purchased several companies left insolvent in the collapse of the Hugo Stinnes industrial empire (TIME, Oct. 18, 1963), is keeping them in operation until they can be resold. When the owner of a huge Nürnberg photographic mail-order house was arrested recently on suspicion of tax fraud, B.F.G. saved his company by putting up more than \$2,000,000 to bail him out. By such ventures, the bank has preserved thousands of jobs, also reaped dividends of

good will and new accounts in the German business community.

Considerate in a Way. B.F.G.'s labor proprietorship is symbolized by its board of supervisors, which is headed by German Trade Union Federation Boss Ludwig Rosenberg, 61, one of the few Jews now in high positions in Germany, and studded with the names of other labor leaders. The bank is actually run by easygoing President Walter Hesselbach, a professional banker who has never worn a blue collar, usually arrives at work an hour late "so that I don't disturb my colleagues in their morning chat and coffee hour." Such considerate treatment by Hesselbach extends only to his employees. B.F.G.'s hard-pressed competitors have learned that they cannot bank on it.

BRITAIN

Flying Under Pressure

To the despair of British taxpayers, government-owned British Overseas Airways Corp. seems unable to decide whether it should be a profit-making enterprise or a showcase for the country's

permission to buy 20 Boeing 707s—but only on the condition that it order at least 20 of the new VC-10 jets developed by British Aircraft Corp.

Despite the Super VC-10's improved air conditioning, spacious seating and new safety features, the plane has the disadvantage of costing more to operate and maintain than the U.S. planes. It is also slower, has a shorter range and carries only 175 passengers (v. 189 in the newest Boeings). So far, not a single non-British airline has placed an order for the plane.

When Sir Giles Guthrie took on the thankless job of BOAC chairman last year, he was stuck with an order for 30 unwanted Super VC-10s. In an effort to make BOAC a paying proposition, Sir Giles recently demanded cancellation of the entire order—and the purchase instead of seven Boeing 707s. That, he said, would take care of BOAC's needs through 1968. Aircraft producers let out a "Buy British" howl, and workers from British Aircraft Corp.'s Weybridge plant marched on Parliament carrying placards: **FIRST THE BRAIN DRAIN—NOW THE PLANE**



BOAC'S GUTHRIE



THE VC-10 IN FLIGHT

After three aircraft types, four chairmen, five ministers, a \$224 million loss.

aircraft industry. Until 1963, when it turned a \$16.8 million profit, BOAC had flown in the red since 1959. Last week it found itself in the center of some political turbulence that is almost certain to cause it further financial trouble. Criticizing the airline's management, Labor M.P. Roy Jenkins summed up BOAC's unhappy times: "The trouble started three aircraft types, four chairmen, five ministers of aviation and 80 million pounds of deficit ago."

The Plane Drain. That goes back to 1954, when BOAC's bid for competitive leadership in the jet age went down after a series of crashes of its much-touted Comet-1 jetliner. With all the Comets grounded as unsafe until 1958, BOAC concentrated on Britannia turboprops, at the government's insistence buying only British planes. By the time the Britannias were flying the all-important North Atlantic run in 1958, competing airlines had already taken off in the bigger, faster, U.S.-made long-range pure jets. Eventually BOAC got

Drain. Aviation Minister Julian Amery said that Guthrie's proposal "would inflict extensive injury on the British aircraft industry."

No Better Than No Worse. The compromise solution worked out last week pleased no one, and left BOAC's troubles unresolved. The government let BOAC off with the purchase of 17 of the 30 Super VC-10s; the Royal Air Force will take three, and production of the remaining ten will be suspended. To meet the payments of \$9,000,000 per VC-10, BOAC now needs a larger handout, or perhaps even a write-off of part or all of its accumulated \$224 million deficit. Said Sir Giles: "The government will ensure that financially we will be in no worse a position as a result of taking on these aircraft." That was rather negative assurance. Hard-pressed BOAC announced stiff reductions in operating expenses, including staff cuts and the elimination of such unprofitable routes as the one to the east coast of South America.

THE LAW

LAWYERS

And So to Court

San Francisco Attorney Melvin Belli is no admirer of the American Bar Association to which he belongs, or of its president, Walter E. Craig. Self-styled defender of unpopular causes, Belli has voluble and repetitive contempt for lawyers who prefer corporate problems to trial work, and as he sees it, Craig exemplifies the prosperous defenders of vested interests.

Belli has finally taken his case against Craig and his colleagues to court. What brought things to a head was his verbal exchange with the A.B.A. president after Jack Ruby's trial in Dallas last March. After the jury found Belli's client guilty of the murder of Lee Harvey Oswald, the King of Torts exploded in a torrent of comment on the judge, the jury and the city of Dallas. He charged that Ruby had been convicted by "the biggest kangaroo-court disgrace in the history of American law"; he called the verdict "a victory for bigotry and injustice." Craig complained publicly that Belli "should so flagrantly disregard the code of professional ethics and his oath as an attorney." He also suggested that Belli's membership in the A.B.A. might be revoked. Such statements, Belli decided, were defamatory and prejudicial to his professional standing. They would cut into his income. Last week he filed suit against Craig and 25 co-defendants and asked for \$5,000,000 in damages.

The defendants, said Belli in his complaint, belong to "a small coterie of individuals devoted to perpetuating ancient and customary injustices and Dickensian practices in law against individuals, seamen, railroad workers, union members, pedestrians, motorists, and those belonging to minority groups and unpopular causes." Craig himself had acted "willfully and wantonly and maliciously and viciously and with ill will and in spite and in an attempt to obstruct justice and deter the orderly administration of law."

Not content merely to sue Craig and the co-defendants (to be named later) for slander and defamation of character, Belli also offered his opinion as to their effect on American law. If the leaders of the American Bar Association have their way, he argued, they will "make of the magnificent American trial lawyer a suckling Bugs Bunny or a John Birch athletic supporter for certain insurance companies and economic interests."

"Melvin M. Belli," concluded the complaint, "is practicing law and intends to continue to practice his profession and against Defendant Walter E. Craig and other defendants and their clients and insurance companies, for individuals and unpopular causes into the far future, God, not the American Bar Association, willing."

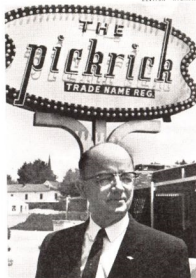
THE COURTS

The Pickrick Capers

The most vociferously disputed part of the new federal Civil Rights Act concerns the public accommodations title. It is based on the Constitution's commerce clause and says, in effect, that any public place of business that relates in any way to interstate commerce may not discriminate against Negroes. Last week the public accommodations title got its first major test in a federal court, and it passed handsomely.

The argument was heard before a three-judge panel in Atlanta, where Government attorneys sought injunctions against two local establishments.

LEVITON—ATLANTA



RESTAURATEUR MADDOX

Food is inescapably interstate.

The Heart of Atlanta Motel, and the Pickrick restaurant, a fried-chicken emporium. It was at the Pickrick, on the day after President Johnson signed the civil rights bill into law, that Owner Lester Maddox ordered three Negro ministerial students away from the place at gunpoint.

The two cases were tried at the same time, but it was the Pickrick caper that drew the greatest interest.

Surprise. Maddox's lawyers argued that it is unconstitutional to anchor the public accommodations title to the commerce clause. Furthermore, they reasoned, while Pickrick does discriminate against Negroes, the restaurant's policy legally does not have anything to do with interstate commerce, as specified in the bill. Even Pickrick's food, though it "once moved" in interstate commerce, is purchased nowadays from local wholesale brokers, the lawyers insisted, and thus is no longer an interstate transaction.

Moreover, Pickrick does not solicit

business from interstate travelers, does not advertise in out-of-state publications, is not recommended by any motor associations or national groups (such as Duncan Hines). Said Pickrick Attorney William McKee: "The power of the Congress under the commerce clause has been almost as broad as the plan of Salvation. If you can compel a restaurant owner to sell to whoever calls on him, you can compel him to buy 10% of his food from a company owned by Negroes." Added McKee, in what surely must be one of the most surprising statements ever offered before a federal court: "A fellow eats some food at the Pickrick and then evacuates it, and it'll go into the Chattahoochee River [separating Georgia and Alabama] as waste, and there's no more commerce in that than there is in the food coming to the Pickrick in the first place."

Justice Department Lawyers Burke Marshall and St. John Barrett brought in 27 witnesses to testify that Pickrick is indeed involved in business on an interstate scale. Half a dozen surveys of Pickrick's parking lot showed that 2% or 3% of the cars parked there carried out-of-state plates. The Government also showed that Pickrick performance depends on foods that flow through interstate commerce. Maddox's fish comes from Virginia's and Florida's coasts, his braunschweiger and beef ribs from Iowa, his catchup from California, his green beans from Oregon, his Tabasco sauce from Louisiana, his lettuce from Texas, his hams and bologna from Tennessee.

The Limit. His headaches will now come from Washington—wholesale. In a 15-page ruling, the judges did not decide on the constitutionality of the civil rights law itself, but granted temporary injunctions—requiring the defendants to admit Negroes within 20 days—based solely on the question of whether Congress had the right to employ the commerce clause in writing the public accommodations title. "This is the limit of the case," wrote the judges. "Congress has the right to go this far."

Predictably, the Heart of Atlanta Motel and Pickrick will take the cases to the U.S. Supreme Court. Vowed Pickrick's Maddox: "I'm not going to integrate. I've made my pledge. They won't ever get any of that chicken!"

Other legal skirmishes along the civil rights front:

► The FBI in Greenwood, Miss., made its first arrests on the basis of the new civil rights law. Three white men were picked up on the complaint of a Negro who accused them of beating him up after he disregarded their threats and attended a whites-only movie.

► The Rev. Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference discovered that 22 out of 25 public places in the South that had desegregated their facilities after the civil rights law was passed, have since reverted and closed their doors to Negroes.



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The President of Schweppes U. S. A. reveals his own secret recipe for making magnificent Tonic Drinks

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However, there are a few differences between a Tonic Drink that's great and one that's magnificent. Here are Commander Whitehead's own

secret rules for the magnificent:

1. Use just a couple of ice cubes in your drink. More will only dilute the drink. (Some people keep their Schweppes in the refrigerator—and don't use any ice cubes at all.)

2. Put a jigger of liquor in the glass—then add the Schweppes.

3. Pour Schweppes Tonic slowly, down the side of the glass. The House of Schweppes in London has been

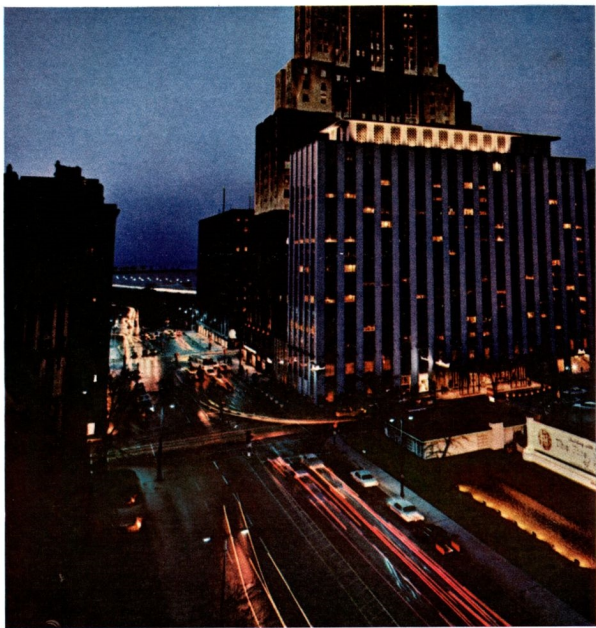
working since 1794 to perfect Schwepperversence—little bubbles that always last your whole drink through. Don't squander that precious Schwepperversence by dashing your Schweppes on the rocks.

4. Don't stir. You don't need to. Schweppes Tonic mixes perfectly with any liquor, without stirring.

Now, sip slowly. Curiously refreshing, don't you agree?



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Kind of a place.

It's the Loop and the Mart, a great city's heart;

It's a quiet-and-gentle, elegantal, Continental

Kind of a place.

A sprawl-in, sit-tall-in kind of a place.

*A quiet lair, a want-to-be-there, a welcome face
Kind of a place.*

It's a tall-one-all-tinldy, a smile-all-wrinkly,

It's a wonderful food, wonderful mood,

Kind of a place.

It's excitement and fun, adventure begun, a

Candlelight and spotlight

Kind of a place.

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LOS ANGELES	.. Century Plaza (1965)
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SAN DIEGO (Coronado)	.. Del Coronado
SAN FRANCISCO	.. St. Francis,
	.. Sir Francis Drake, Maurice
SEATTLE	.. Olympic, Benjamin
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CANADA

CALGARY	.. Calgary Inn
VANCOUVER	.. Bayshore Inn, Georgia
VICTORIA	.. Imperial Inn

MEXICO

ACAPULCO	.. Caleta, El Mirador
CIUDAD JUAREZ	.. Camino Real
	.. (Spring, 1965)
CUJUALCAN	.. Los Tres Rios Motor Hotel
MEXICO CITY	.. Alameda, Francis,
	.. Majestic, Ritz
MORELIA	.. Virrey de Mendoza
SALTILLO	.. Camino Real
	.. de Saltillo (Fall, 1964)
TAMPICO	.. Camino Real

GUATEMALA

GUATEMALA CITY	.. Biltmore
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BELMONDO IN "CARTOUCHE"

Low jinks, lettuce, and a fondness for hay.

Period Parody

Cartouche, Robin Hood, as history and Hollywood have depicted him, was a chump. He stole from the rich, gave to the poor, and what did he keep for himself? An invincible virgin named Maid Marian. Fortunately, they do these things better in France. According to this film, a fellow named *Cartouche*, the Robin Hood of 18th century Paris, stole from the rich, gave to the poor, and what did he keep for himself? *Claudia Cardinale*.

"All you need to be happy," *Claudia* murmurs at him seductively. "Is hay." But *Cartouche* (Jean-Paul Belmondo) is not convinced. He is obviously fond of hay, but he is also fond of lettuce. In a series of dramatic robberies he acquires so much of it that he becomes a power in the kingdom: a state within a state, a law without the law. At his command men kneel and women lie down. "Paris is mine!" he cries.

Not all of Paris. Like most men who have everything, *Cartouche* wants something he can't have: the police chief's wife (Odile Versois). Poor *Claudia* is heartbroken, and of course *Odile* turns out to be a mantrap. At that point the gang is willing to let its leader hang, but good old *Claudia* lays down her life to save her friend, and at the fade *Cartouche* sets his face to the foe and prepares to join her in death.

No sniffling, please. This isn't a romantic tragedy. It's a costume comedy. It was made by Philippe de Broca, the same French director who recently employed Belmondo in a travesty of a thriller called *That Man from Rio*, and while *Cartouche* is seldom as funny as *That Man*, it nevertheless comes off as a carefree but carefree and occasionally hilarious parody of a period piece.

In the way of parody the film wildly exaggerates the usual low jinks and high heroics—in one scene, for example, Belmondo insouciantly ignores a veritable army of pursuers to make cozy conversation with *Cardinale*. "My dear," he proposes tenderly as the bullets buzz about his ears, "you must give me a son." She smiles weakly and replies: "Later, if it's all the same to you." And

on the side of spectacle the picture provides plenty of snazzy swordsmanship and some attractive Eastman Color. In the last reel, indeed, the screen divulges an image of luminous splendor: in death the pallid *Claudia*, swathed in red velvet and shimmering with stolen gems, lies sleeping in the moonlight in a golden carriage, lies sleeping like a princess in a legend while her glowing hearse rolls richly through the darkness and sinks down down down into the still black crystal of a forest pool.

A Minor Hitch

Marnie. When *Marnie* (Tippi Hedren) confronts a bouquet of crimson gladioli, the screen goes red. When she spills red ink, she flees. Red coats at a hunt, red dots on a jockey's colors panic her. Why is she so terrified of the color red? Too much like blood, maybe?

That's too easy, of course. Confidentially, viewers settle back expecting old Master Spooksmith Alfred Hitchcock to splash some real surprises on the screen. Visions of *Spellbound*, *Rear Window* and *Psycho* dance in their heads. But all that develops is that red equals blood and *Marnie* equals the straightforward case history of a frigid kleptomaniac, a bookkeeper who burgles but won't bundle. *Marnie*'s boss (Sean Connery) finds her out, then forces her to marry him so he can pursue his interest in "instinctual behavior." He learns that *Marnie*'s hot little hands and cold blood date back to One Horrible Night during her childhood. The Thing That Happened is revealed in a gory but awkward flashback, replete with tidy psychological insights and a long-awaited corpse.

Unfortunately, the dearest characters in *Marnie* are the live ones, for they are only skeletons fleshed with syndromes. As the patient husband, Connery performs with pallid competence, uncertain whether his role requires him to be a compulsive armchair analyst or a sadist in love. He seems to yearn for the patently far-fetched heroics he has enjoyed as James Bond in *From Russia With Love*. Actress Hedren, obviously groomed for stardom by the Master, zips through

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**GREAT
WESTERN
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some 32 costume changes without seriously ruffling her composure. Hitchcock's elegant cinematic style, evident here and there, seems wasted in a mélange of banal dialogue, obtrusively phony process shots, and a plot that congeals more often than it thickens.

When an unknown director turns out a suspense melodrama as dreary and unconvincing as this, moviegoers revel in the thought of what it might have been if Hitchcock had done it. It is disconcerting to come away from *Marnie* feeling precisely the same way.

Vintage Violence

The *Killers*, nominally based on a vigorous short story by Ernest Hemingway, seems to borrow most of its inspiration from the Marquis de Sade. In 1946, the Hemingway story triggered a crisp crime thriller starring Burt Lancaster as the willing victim gunned down by hired assassins. The latest version, with John Cassavetes, was designed as a full-length feature for television, then was bucked along to theater exhibitors when NBC decided that its burly blend of sex and brutality might loom rather large on the home screen.

In an opening sequence that roughly sets the tone, two hoods, contracted by Con Man Ronald Reagan, show a fine flair for menace as they trail Cassavetes to a school for the blind, where they pummel a winsome blind receptionist. In another scene, they threaten to parboil a man sweating off pounds in a steam cabinet, thus warming up for the moment when they thrust leggy Angie Dickinson headfirst out the window of a skyscraper hotel room, trying to make her tell what happened to the \$1,000,-000 swag from a mail robbery.

Perhaps the sole justification for turning a fine old movie into a just passable new one can be summed up as Angie Dickinson. Playing the tawny, amoral triplecrossing swinger who lures Cassavetes from auto racing to a life of crime, Angie isn't a subtle actress. But she somehow suggests to every male in the audience that this is a girl more inviting, and more dangerous, than a custom Ferrari idling on a fast track.



REAGAN & DICKINSON IN "KILLERS"
Parboiled, pummeled and triplecrossed.

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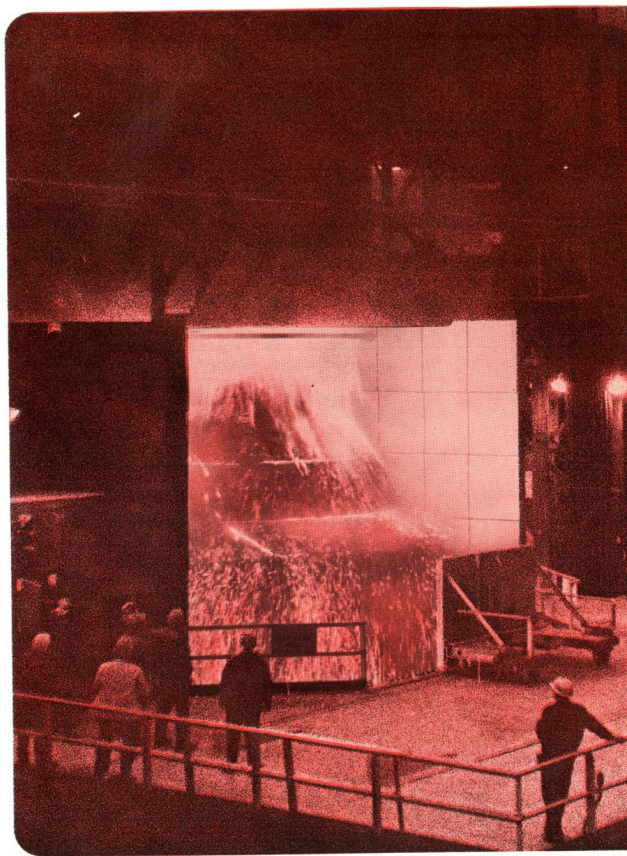
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A brilliant white flash and a shower of hot, sparkling "snow" from the mouth of the pear-shaped vessel signalled ignition of the first "heat" as the tornado of purifying oxygen churned into and through the hot metal. (Shown at left.)

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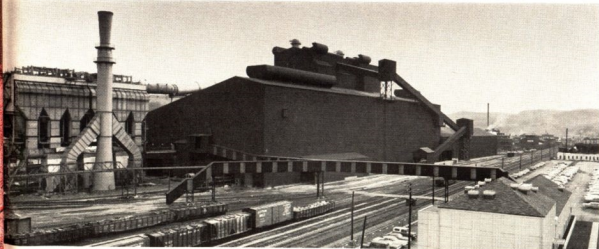
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EUGENE ONEGIN by Alexander Pushkin. Translated from the Russian with a commentary by Vladimir Nabokov. 4 vols. 1,850 pages. Pantheon. \$18.50.

Educated Russians of the pre-Communist era could be expected to know long passages of Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin* by heart. The romantic (and mock-romantic) novel in verse about Onegin, the bored fop, Lenski, the pup-poet he kills in a duel, and Tatiana, the good girl who grows up, was the first masterpiece of the modern Russian language. But until now an American who did not read Russian could only nod politely when told that the poem was a work of genius, and wonder, after looking at the translations available, whether a fondness for *Onegin* were not merely one more Tartar mania.

It has taken the formidable Vladimir Nabokov, scholar, poet, literary puzzle-master and possessor of the most elegant 19th century English prose style still at large, to present enough of the poem to the nonreader of Russian so that the rest is guessable.

A reader who has known *Onegin* (pronounced Oh-nay-gin, with a hard g) only as a Tchaikovsky opera finds to his surprise that Pushkin himself is one of the novel's main characters. He bustles through its pages like a genial host, seeing to it that each reader has a glass of champagne and has been properly introduced to the characters. His chatter—ironic remarks about the shortcomings of his friend Onegin, or an elaborate digression about the feet of pretty women he has known—has both awkwardness and charm. It also has an important literary purpose, in that it allows Pushkin to maintain the balance between involvement and detachment and participation and comment that his lightly ironic tone requires. Thus when the melodramatic

BOOKS

plot has largely unwound (Onegin has rebuffed the lovestruck Tatiana and out of contrariness flirted with Olga, her sister and Lenski's fiancée; Lenski has foolishly challenged Onegin to a duel and has been shot for his trouble), Pushkin is able to brighten the mood by keeping himself between the characters and the reader. Ah well, yes, it is a great pity, his attitude suggests when the reader expresses sympathy, but then that is what happens to Lenski.

Feudist of Caliber. Other English translations exist. The trouble with these, explains Nabokov, a literary feudist of Dr. Johnson's caliber, is that they are "unfortunately available to students." Another trouble is that they are rhymed. Brilliantly modulated rhyme is one of the high delights of the poem, but Nabokov argues heatedly that it is not possible to rhyme a translation and remain true with any exactitude to the meaning of the original. The English word that is needed for sense will not, except by happenstance, have the structure and ending that is needed for rhyme. Consequently the rhyming translator is led into paraphrase and thus, Nabokov argues—taking an extreme view in a dispute that will never be satisfactorily settled—into blurred sense and fudged detail.

After apologizing for the translations of others, Nabokov uncharacteristically apologizes for his own, in a rhymed, 14-line stanza that imitates the form invented by Pushkin for *Onegin*:
*What is translation? On a platter
A poet's pale and glaring head,
A parrot's screech, a monkey's chatter
And profanation of the dead.
The parasites were so hard on
Are pardoned if I have your pardon,
O Pushkin, for my stratagem,
I traveled down your secret stem*



VLADIMIR NABOKOV
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Ah yes, a great pity.

*And reached the root, and fed upon it;
Then, in a language newly learned
I grew another stalk and turned
Your stanza, patterned on a sonnet,
Into my honest roadside prose—
All thorn, but cousin to your rose.*

Actually, it is something between prose and poetry that Nabokov has used—he has retained Pushkin's iambic tetrameter—and the result is a recognizable and respectable cousinship. To a Russian raised on the original poem, Nabokov's version naturally lacks the music, but retains much of the rhythm, and at least does not (as do the often jingly previous translations) mock Pushkin's music by the clumsiness of its imitation. The sense is as nearly exact as translation permits.

Horned or Cornute. Nabokov's own enormous word skill gives the translation felicity. But his very range of language allows him to choose words which, although exact in meaning, do not give the flavor of the original, generally because they are too highflow or arcane. The simple Russian word for "horned" (Ch. 6, XXXIX) becomes "cornute," which means horned but is not a simple English word. Simple words for "sweetness" and "youth" become "dulcitude" and "juventude" in English (Nabokov excuses himself somewhat abashedly by pointing out that the sense of the couplet—a sneer at moon-June versifying—requires that in this case the words rhyme).

But a reviewer must look hard for lapses. Notably, there is happily no feeling that the translator, who may be the greatest living performer—not necessarily writer—in English, is giving a performance.

It must be said that this rare suppression of the Nabokov literary personality is limited to the translation itself, and that the translation occupies

* Played by Lucine Amara and George London in a Metropolitan Opera production of *Onegin*.

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only part of one volume of a four-volume work. Most of the remainder is a vast, outrageous, scholarly, funny, instructive and wholly characteristic mass of notes, offering 1) an exhaustive, line-by-line commentary on the text, variants of the text, and the difficulties of translation; 2) an exhaustive, line-by-line digression from this commentary, of which an elegant three-page defense of pedantry is typical; 3) a complete course in Russian and English prosody; 4) a learned if somewhat irritable gloss on 19th century literature; 5) a great deal of biographical information about Pushkin, which would be more helpful if it were collected in one chunk, not squirreled about the entire work; and 6) repeated masterly demonstrations of the art of literary insult. Dostoevsky, for instance, is described as "a much overrated, sentimental, and Gothic novelist of the time."

Occasionally (as when Nabokov solemnly offers as a talisman the lines that happen to fall at the exact center of the work), the notes are extreme enough to be worthy of Professor Kinbote, the demented footnoter of Nabokov's own *Pale Fire*.

Scholar's Craft. But such scholarly capering should not obscure the worth of Nabokov's commentary. The translation can be enjoyed but not really understood without it. And Nabokov, who learned his craft during years of professing at Wellesley and Cornell, is not merely a translator; he is also a truly remarkable teacher. He keeps the students awake.

Doubtless Nabokov will not win the war against paraphrased translation, which is his main concern. Perhaps it should not be won—not all paraphrases are profanations—but certainly it should be fought. But translators should be reminded that uprooting a masterpiece is not a job to be undertaken lightly ("Poetry is what is lost in translation," Robert Frost once observed); students, for their part, should be warned that a translation must never be read with complete trust.

Vanity Vindicated

FRANCE REBORN by Robert Aron.
490 pages. Scribner. \$8.50.

Everyone knows how exasperating Charles de Gaulle was during World War II. Arrogant and aloof, he demanded his own way, and when he did not get it he sulked. At times he seemed to irritate F.D.R. more than Hitler or Tojo, and Churchill grumped that "My biggest cross is the Cross of Lorraine." But French Historian Robert Aron contends that the Allies never understood what De Gaulle was up to.

Conquest by Coup d'Etat. It was not mere vanity that motivated De Gaulle. His obstinacy had a political purpose. The Communists, Aron convincingly shows in this superlative account of the Liberation, were about to seize power in many parts of France. They made

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up a great part of the Resistance, and no one could fault them for their courage during the Occupation. De Gaulle realized that only by appearing as an utterly uncompromising, incorruptible leader could he win the confidence of Frenchmen and stave off a Communist take-over.

The Allies had refused to recognize De Gaulle as the head of a provisional French government, had even toyed with the idea of creating a "third force" in France, minus De Gaulle. They kept him in the dark about the Normandy invasion, allowed him to set foot on French soil only eight days later. But De Gaulle was unperturbed. As soon as he landed in France, he declined an

ROBERT CAPA



DE GAULLE'S RETURN TO PARIS (1944)

Pride with a purpose.

invitation to lunch with Field Marshal Montgomery. "We have not come to France to have luncheon with Montgomery," he said scornfully, and headed straight for the first sizable town to be liberated—Bayeux. He promptly took over and installed his faithful deputy François Coulet as administrative head of the region. Coulet promptly fired the incumbent Vichyite subprefect, whom the British had instructed to stay on the job, and replaced him with a Resistance fighter. It was a simple *coup d'état*: when the infuriated British came to protest, Coulet banged his fist on his new desk, shouting: "My presence here has nothing to do with you. I'm here on De Gaulle's orders." The British retreated.

Calculated Insults. De Gaulle pursued the same tactics throughout France. He was followed by what Aron calls his "Trojan horse," a column of administrators specially trained in London and Algiers to take over the French government. In southern France, the Communists had seized power in major

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cities, but De Gaulle's well-schooled lieutenants eased them out with a minimum of bloodshed. De Gaulle went out of his way to insult the Communists publicly, no matter how bravely they had fought in the Resistance. In Toulouse, when a Communist in proletarian overalls casually introduced himself, De Gaulle snapped: "Stand to attention when you are speaking to a superior officer." When De Gaulle finally entered Paris amid jubilant cheers, he was all calculation. "How far have you got with the purge?" were his first words to his newly appointed prefect.

De Gaulle's later maneuvers obscured his victory over the Communists. In December 1944, he traveled to Moscow to sign a pact with Stalin. Later, as head of the provisional government, he brought some Communists into his Cabinet. But by then he could afford to be conciliatory, for the Communist threat had receded. For all the praise and blame heaped on De Gaulle, little has been made of this particular triumph. Robert Aron has finally given it the scholarly attention and admiration it deserves.

Ostrea Edulis & Others

THE OYSTERS OF LOCMARIAQUER by Eleanor Clark. 203 pages. Pantheon. \$4.95.

Was one Sergius Orata the noblest and least appreciated Roman of them all? While more militant Romans were battling the Cimbri along the Rhine toward the end of the 2nd century B.C. and the poet Lucilius was pouring out his satires, Sergius Orata was pouring his considerable fortune into his single passion—the cultivation of the oyster. The ups and downs of that bivalvular mollusk ever since are the subject of Novelist Clark's book—a witty blend of fact, fable and fine poetic nonsense.

Author Clark, wife of Novelist Robert Penn Warren, became an oyster addict while living in the village of Locmariaquer on the coast of Brittany, chief breeding ground of the world's most prized oyster. The Locmariaquer oyster is known to science as the *Ostrea edulis*. To the locals it is known simply as the *plate* (the flat one), to distinguish it from the bumpy Portuguese oyster, which is sometimes foisted off on innocent diners as a true *edulis*, and which osteophiles regard as little better than a mussel or even a clam.

Fathers & Mothers. *Ostrea edulis* is fast disappearing from the Atlantic coast of Europe. But the diner lucky enough to encounter one will not soon forget it: "Intimations of the ages of man, some piercing intuition of the sea and all its weeds and breezes shiver you a split second from that little stimulus on the palate. You are eating the sea and are on the verge of remembering something connected with the flavor of life itself."

When she can muddle her metaphors, Author Clark is a mine of oyster lore. Millions of years older than man, the



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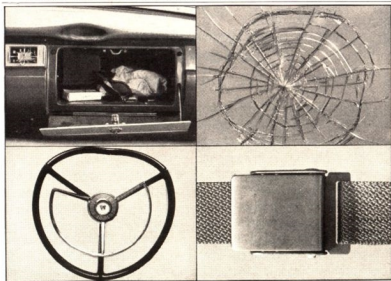
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oyster is "prolific to the point of indelicacy." Since oysters are hermaphrodites, a single oyster may be both a father and a mother, changing roles several times in the course of a year. In the best of all possible worlds, an oyster might live 15 years, but only one in 10,000 makes it to maturity. The tingle-snail can bore through the shell of a full-grown oyster and scoop out the meat in six hours. The starfish pries open the shell of the oyster and devours it. And of course there is man.

Touch & Go. Things were not too bad until the early 18th century, when "the drag," otherwise known in France as "the oyster guillotine," was invented. That instrument, a convex iron blade 5 ft. or 6 ft. long, denuded the coasts of Europe and the U.S. by ripping up the oyster beds. It was touch and go wheth-



ELEANOR CLARK
The ages of man on a plate.

er the oyster would survive at all, until an inspired French marine biologist, Victor Coste, discovered in the mid-1800s the secret of collecting larvae and raising seed, making it possible to grow oysters in waters where for various reasons they are unable to breed. The oysters of Locmariaquer, for instance, are transplanted three times before they are shipped to market. The success of the process depends on what the French call *tromper l'huître* ("fooling the oysters"), an ingenious method of making the oyster clean itself out and preventing it from "yawning" and losing its liquid when it is exposed to the air.

There is a bit too much air in Author Clark's book. She lards her account with odd facts (the pearl producer is not an oyster at all but a mollusk known as *Meleagrina*), sketches of local characters, and wordy, impressionistic evocations of the Breton countryside. At such moments a reader's attention may well wander, but for the most part Author Clark holds him with wit and verbal polish. It is the process known as *tromper le lecteur*.

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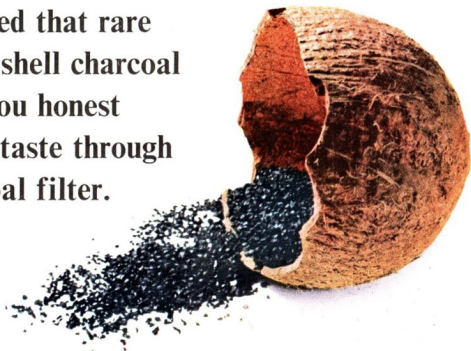
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